

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Probably nowhere outside of the United States was President Cleveland's inaugural address read with such keen interest as in Canada. As France, fearful of complications and anxious to be prepared for emergencies is always watching German statesmanship for signs of war, so we in this Dominion must confess that the policy of the President and Congress of the United States is alertly scanned for such indications as may presage commercial complications with Canada. The fact that Canadians have never felt certain of the friendly intentions of the United States Government, is proven by the anxiety we feel to what new phase of buncombe and offensive braggadocio the rulers of the country to the south of us may indulge in. Indeed, we are always looking for some windy deliverance intended to tickle the ears of Fenians and fire-eaters, nor are we ever without a suspicion that after nearly a century of such fireworks some lusty and leather-lunged politician may persuade his fellows to force upon the United States a policy involving the two countries, if not in war, in such commercial antagonism as may separate the two nations as completely as if they were at the opposite ends of the earth. That we should rely upon the good sense of the republic may be true, but we all know that history is full of instances where belligerent kings have involved nations in war, the private citizens of which loathed the thought of shedding each other's blood. British sentiment is king in Canada; anti-British sentiment has been king of the United States. The possibility of conflict has always been present and suspicion has separated the countries more widely than the majority of people appreciate. The fact that Canada has less than one-tenth of the people of the United States has not brought the sense of safety which some small nations may feel in nestling by the side of a great one, for Yankeeedom has thought of us as a cub of the British lion snarling at Uncle Sam and making him look ridiculous by occasionally snapping at his heels and tearing a shred or two from the historical stripes of his trousers. No doubt Uncle Sam has felt enraged to think that this cub could not be drowned or hanged, and his rage has partaken of the impotent fury which sometimes possesses the man who is insulted by his neighbor's small boy, inasmuch as the insult cannot be resented without consulting with, and probably being whipped by, the youngster's father.

In this way Uncle Sam's feeling of offensiveness grew into contempt, and from contempt into spasms of anger, and then into settled hostility; for, struggle as he may, Brother Jonathan must admit Canada has a larger place in his policy. On this side of the line, too, we know that our commercial interests can be affected by hostile legislation in the United States. Our railroads and our shippers, our merchants and manufacturers, the farmer and cattle dealer feel that their profits may be temporarily if not permanently lessened by Yankee hostility.

We may as well admit these things, because they are true, but the admission does not involve the confession that we are in any way a dependency of the republic. Temporarily we may have been, or may be, at a disadvantage, but in every instance when this hostility has been manifested we have found a way to right ourselves, and if we had been even less secure in our relations with the United States our inter-provincial progress would have been much more highly developed and our safe and speedy access to the markets of the Motherland would have engaged our statesmen to a far greater extent.

All these things being true, President Cleveland's inaugural address was unusually pleasant reading. His policy and power seem to assure us immunity from fool and Fenian legislation in the United States for four years at least, and indicate that Cleveland's conception of the enormous majority that elected him to his high office is that it was not made up of self-seeking monopolists, ignorant filibusters, or the narrow and self-satisfied believers that "Yankeeedom" is the Earth. Moreover, his language and the whole tone of his address reminded us of what history has brought down to us of the speeches of Roman tribunes and the grand men of old who have been esteemed as the fathers of patriots and orators. Briefly, and with a greatness of mind which must have impressed every reader, he held up before his fellow countrymen a picture of what the nation is and may become, and of the dangers which threaten if sordid motives are permitted to prevail and political and commercial self-seeking be not restrained. Seldom indeed in modern times has so strong and stirring a speech been delivered; seldom, far too seldom, has there been an ignoring of the small political conspirators so apparent, and the people of the United States have a right to be glad that their constitution can preserve from overthrow, during his term of office, a man who in such a splendid spirit has so courageously undertaken so great a task.

Our politicians must not expect that this speech and the policy which it inaugurates can be unimportant in this Dominion. Canadians both in Canada and the United States were undoubtedly anxious for Cleveland's election, and their faith in him seems likely to prove well founded. This being the case, the influence and the effects of his policy cannot but be reaching in Greater America. The over-

whelming vote which placed him where he is was a tidal wave which could not sweep over the republic without disturbing the quiet waters upon which our political ship is supposed to be sailing. No such radical change in the current of thought amongst sixty million people can take place without a disturbance of the winds which make the trimming of our sails necessary. Our farmers have seen the farmers of the United States turn upon their old political friends and rend them. Can we hope that similar causes are unlikely to produce similar effects in Canada? So with other classes, can we imagine that they will be blind to the power which in the hands of their fellows created such a revolution in the States? Our politicians should consider this, not with the idea of imitating another nation but with a view of keeping off the rocks upon which the Republican ship was wrecked. It would be foolish for the captain of a ship to refuse to trim his sails lest he might be considered to be imitating the captain of another ship who with safety had adopted such tactics; it would be suicidal if such a reason were given while a ship following a different policy lay dismantled and sinking before his eyes.

Just about here the thought suggests itself whether we have a man who is likely to be able to organize and lead victoriously those who in Canada are more or less anxious for tariff reform. Unlike the United States, we have had campaign after campaign with this as the main issue. There is little that is new in the way of argument that can be added to what has already been so often said. The two new features are the disturbance caused by the presidential election and the attitude of D'Alton McCarthy—and a few other Con-

McCarthy's influence—I need hardly name him, his influence in this province is so obvious—his name is W. R. Meredith and his postoffice address is Toronto. I am volunteering this information, as the Dominion Government seems to have forgotten either his name or his place of lodging. I venture this suggestion because, with many other Conservatives, I can conceive of a government mistaking its present strength in a parliament elected some years ago for its strength in a country much altered by circumstances and surroundings in the many months since that election took place.

Our city government, by the way, is attracting considerable attention, and a very regrettable feature seems to be that the citizens have not been given reason to be sure that the motives of schemes which were not voted upon are not being concealed behind the brave front of the administration. However this may be, Toronto is sincerely anxious that cabals for the dismissing of officials and the appointment of others be not made to absorb too much of the executive energy. We may sincerely sympathize with decapitated officials and feel prompted to criticize the methods by which they were disposed of, yet when our water front problem and the new Union station and public works—made of unusual importance by the city's critical condition—are being left to take care of themselves, as tax-payers rather than partisans we become anxious. I was told the other day by a prominent railroad official that owing to the dilatory conduct of the civic authorities it was very likely that nothing would be done towards building the new Union station for another year. Surely this should be attended to. It may cost thousands of dollars to do the work now in excess of the sum for which it might

to the tap, or is it to the tap-room? Or do they bring down a little pail of boiled water with them in the morning? Is it not offering a premium on beer drinking to tell the people who have no access to boiled water that it is a deadly thing to drink and then provide them with no substitute? No doubt nearly all the proprietors and managers of large concerns never thought about the matter, yet it is a subject well worth taking into consideration. A man cannot walk into a place of refreshment and ask for a glass of boiled water. The act would be sensible enough but it would seem ridiculous, and if given it the applicant would feel bound to pay five cents for it and would not have any too much confidence that it did not come direct from the tap, and if the two things are the same price unless a man's temperance principles are very strong he would be apt to select beer. I am no apostle of prohibition, but a system of things is bad which is apt to drive people to drink intoxicants when they do not want them, for not being accustomed to such beverages the results may be bad either directly or in the formation of a bad habit. Furthermore, such a condition of things affords an excuse which they may be only too willing to use of sampling beverages which will do them no good.

Talking about the water supply of Toronto, I think the fact is being demonstrated by our present unfortunate condition that it will continue to be a dominant issue until it is settled by adopting a gravitation system with no uncertainty as to whether the source will be unfailing. However, the civic administration appears to be in no humor to consider such subjects, even though the conduct continues to break and the health statistics prove that in January thirty-six cases of typhoid fever

the plans for a reformed health department, this, too, in the presence of an epidemic of diphtheria and typhoid fever and in the face of an expected attack of cholera! Surely Toronto is a larger city than can be cared for in any such one-horse manner. When the lives of the people are at stake is a poor time, and the department that has been caring for such interests is a poor excuse for twopenny-halfpenny economies.

In the House of Commons this week, Mr. J. Israel Tarte, M.P., gave an example to his listening countrymen of how flamboyant a demagogue a French-Canadian can be and not be laughed at. From ante-election symptoms his compatriots expected Mr. Tarte's mouth to become a crater of a political Vesuvius which would belch forth fire, smoke, ashes and melted lava in such quantities as to overwhelm the Tory Pompeii, which according to their way of thinking has become so rotten with Protestantism as to be properly abhorred by gods and men. The eruption took place, but it was soon discovered to be of wind; the world moves on its axis, the Government continues to be in power, people marry and are given in marriage, and men go about their usual tasks just as of yore. Worse still for Mr. Tarte, even the parentage of the little mouse the laboring mountain brought forth is ascribed to the hateful Orangiste. However, it is unimportant; even this offspring of doubtful parentage will do for exhibition when Mr. Tarte appeals to the electors of L'Islet. He can quote from his grandiloquent periods and probably no one will discover how small was the end of the horn out of which he emerged.

D'Alton McCarthy, however, made a strong arraignment of the Government which will probably be campaign literature of much use to the Liberal party. Moreover, the straightforward speech of Hugh John Macdonald, who admitted that he had views on the subject of the Manitoba School Act and would vote against the Government if the act was nullified by remedial measures, had about it a manly ring which can always be found in the speeches of the late Sir John's son. He admitted also that it was quite evident that he had not material for a Cabinet Minister in him, as he would have done long ago what the Government will yet have to do, decline to interfere with a provincial act which had been declared *intra vires* by the Privy Council. I am not quite sure that Cabinet Ministers need procrastinate so much or hedge themselves around with protections and appeals to courts, and that sort of thing. I imagine the people are intelligent enough to size up all that sort of thimble rigging. As it is, it is quite evident that Sir John Thompson has satisfied neither Catholics nor Protestants, but on the other hand has rather chilled the ardor of both and left himself open to the charge of dissimulation and small devices to ensure his political safety, whereas I thoroughly believe he was but trying to do his whole duty in a judicial spirit. We have too much of this sort of thing with less noble intentions, and the speeches of Mr. McCarthy and Mr. Macdonald were both refreshingly to the point, though they probably indicate very divergent lines of action, and according to the vote produced but slight results.

The rather embarrassing return of the Rev. Mr. Lancelley, who has been sent back to Canada with the regrets of the Baltimore Conference, indicates that even ministers of the gospel have little combines which, while not as widespread as those dealing with the output of anthracite coal and the manufacture of binder twine, are not to be disregarded by those who study the question of obtaining a profitable return from their labor. A church within the jurisdiction of Baltimore Preachers' Union—we have a right to call it a Trades Union or a District Assembly of the Knights of Labor, for it evidently has the same aims and uses similar methods—desired the services of the Rev. Mr. Lancelley. He was evidently lacking in no respect except a journeyman's card from the Baltimore Union. He went there with certificates showing that he was not only possessed of piety and eloquence, but had enjoyed the favor of his fellow-craftsmen in the denomination where, in workingmen's parlance, he had served his apprenticeship. The Baltimore Conference, however, decided that there was already a surplus of preachers in their jurisdiction and could not permit the importation of alien labor. It appears that no examination was made or opportunity offered to demonstrate the fact that in Bro. Lancelley's own district there were a large number of worthy brethren anxious to be promoted to Bro. Lancelley's charge. It does not even appear that an examination was made as to whether Bro. Lancelley's "call"—for we know that clergymen never go from one church to another without a call, which is supposed to come from above—was to be superior to the necessities of the gentlemen who compose the Baltimore Conference. In fact, on the surface it would appear that the brethren of the Baltimore Preachers' Union practically decided to repudiate the whole doctrine of "calls," if such "calls" are heard outside the limits of their preserve. This extraordinary conduct almost shakes my belief that clergymen only obey a voice more than human when going to accept a charge. Unregenerate persons have suggested that it was largely a matter of salary, but surely but few of us have ever entertained so low an estimate of those whose calling is of so exalted a character. Even if in the sordid

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In the Days of Good Queen Bess.

servatives who are not strong enough in their views to be likely to stay in revolt against the Government. D'Alton McCarthy, however, is a fighter; this makes him interesting. If the people felt sure that he was a statesman, that would make him strong; if like Cleveland he were persistent and had shown that he was willing to be sacrificed in a big fight in order to achieve victory for a great principle, there is no doubt he would find a powerful following. I am not alleging that Mr. McCarthy is lacking in these attributes so necessary to a leader; I am simply wondering whether the people believe him to be possessed of them. Doubtless he is one of the most influential men in this province; he is a man who won for himself a constituency so loyal to him that we must believe that public opinion is satisfied with his honesty and enamored of his independence, even if not convinced of his statesmanship. Opportunities will yet be offered him to establish the latter, and even if it be not thoroughly established we must not underrate those strong features of his recent career, his correct estimate of public opinion in Ontario and his unusual independence. These may not be great enough to make him an important creative power, but they must certainly establish him as a destructive element which the Conservative party may be made to appreciate. There are so many constituencies won by the Government with small majorities where a McCarthy candidate or Mr. McCarthy's influence could turn the scale, that he may be counted on as almost holding the balance of power. With tariff reform as a proper political reason for a crusade, and with Protestantism, the Jesuits' Estate Act and the Manitoba School Act to give body and warmth to his influence, D'Alton McCarthy as a disturber is not a man to be trifled with. There is only one man whose presence in the Cabinet could reasonably counteract Mr.

have been done a month or so ago; it will cost tens of thousands more if the work be delayed a year, for the indirect damages will be almost incalculable. Our city will be disgraced by the present Union station during a year of unusual travel, when we had hoped to make Toronto as attractive as possible. Property owners are unsettled and the Esplanade improvements delayed. Never since this was a city was it more desirable to have labor employed, for many of those who have been engaged in the building trade are moving away, and despair is settling upon the owners of houses who are falling to rent tenants who would be available if public works for which we are, and must be, taxed were being properly pushed forward. In no partisan spirit whatever, but probably urged by the selfish considerations which are apt to be uppermost in the minds of the many who have wearily waited for signs of proper progress on works which have been authorized and should be prosecuted with vigor, I appeal to the civic administration and those who have influence with it that public questions be not forgotten in the whirl of private animosities and the accomplishment of personal revenge.

We all know—at least the newspapers and doctors have told us so often that we should know—that it is extremely dangerous to drink our polluted water until it has been boiled. The boiling of this water is not a very difficult operation, yet I imagine a great many careless people are entirely disregarding all the advice they have received. This is inexcusable, for even the poorest homes have facilities for so simple a process. In factories, warehouses and business places it is different, and I should like to enquire what the employees, even the proprietors of factories and business places are drinking. Is it not lake water polluted with sewage? When they are thirsty do they not go

increased to a hundred and nine in February, and sixty in the first week of March. All the newspapers but one seem thoroughly alarmed, not only by these facts but by the disintegration of the health department. We are only beginning to make arrangements for the cleaning of Ashbridge's Bay, even though the hospitals are crowded until their very attics are filled. Such a condition of affairs would be bad enough at any time, but in the face of the expected coming of Asiatic cholera it is dreadful. As the *Mail* puts it, "There is something that approaches the criminal in the present attitude," and it asks that "The citizens show that where their interests are concerned they are not to be played with by a set of flippant nincompoops who possess neither sagacity nor plans for the future, but who presume in their wisdom to pull down our safeguards against disease." The *Empire*, *News* and *Star* are almost as severe. The *News* says, "The large break is being mended in the conduit but the last grave which will be filled by the accident has not yet been dug." Yet nothing is being done except in repairs to the broken pipe, which are not advancing any too rapidly. The energy of our administrators seems to have been directed almost entirely to the dismissal of Dr. Norman Allen, the head of the health department, and to the wiping out of his office. The opponents of Dr. Allen are insisting that we need no health department, that a commissioner, or a policeman, or something of that sort can look after the inspection of food; that another can enforce cleanliness in lanes and back yards, and that a couple of doctors can look after the isolation of sufferers from infectious diseases. I do not quite understand the plan, but it seems to amount to no more than that the head of the department should amount to something like a consulting physician. These seem to be

AP-IS-TO-TOK-I-AU.

The Story of Abenakis, a Blood Indian Legend.

(Written for Saturday Night by Dr. Murray McFarlane.)

According to the Folk Lore of the Blackfeet, the huge, isolated boulders which dot the prairie to the west of Lethbridge were thrown by the sling of the "old Man of the Mountains," or the "rain maker," at those warriors of old, who, flushed with victories over the Cree or Sioux, audaciously invaded the mysterious lands of the serpent-guarded country, where this giant with his magic spells and wampum kept watch over priceless treasures of rare furs, gaudy beads and other valuables so dear to the red man's heart.

But these bands of haughty, blood-stained braves, who rode westward, full of fire and courage, the freshly torn scalp dangling from their horses' bridles as they left their villages, each man carrying around his neck, in a little buckskin bag, the potent charm gathered by the old and grizzled medicine man, never returned again. Many weird tales are told with bated breath and apprehensive glances towards the mountains, of this ogre, who appears to take almost the same place in the Blackfoot mythology as the devil of civilization. An old scarred chief, whom the writer had as a patient, from the Blood reserve, dropping the usual taciturn character the red man assumes with the pale face, waxed eloquent and in broken English told many strange legends of the by-gone past, among others how the treasure hunters, disappearing in the mountain passes, were never seen in the flesh again, with a single exception. One day, just as the sun was setting in the west, many moons after, when all hope had been given up by the ever watching squaws and other relatives of the missing ones, when the mutilated fingers and cheeks cut and gashed for memory's sake had long been healed, a horseman was seen galloping towards the village. In an instant every soul was out, eagerly gazing at the approaching rider. The bucks grasped their weapons and speculated wonderingly on the meaning of this unknown visitor's presence. Was he the forerunner of a Cree attack? Nay, his costume was not that of a hated Assinai. This was easily seen by these sharp-sighted spectators, who knew too well the garb of every hostile tribe to make any mistake. The veterans shaded their puzzled eyes, that played them false for the first time. Not gay and brilliant with colors of the rainbow were the blankets and leggings clearly seen on the nearing one. Both horse and horseman were of a dark and sombre hue throughout, excepting the moccasins of the latter, which appeared to be as white as snow, each bead seemingly a spark of brilliant fire. Dashing into the midst of the astonished crowd, the horse staggered and fell prone upon the ground, his rider with him. In an instant many willing hands grasped the prostrate stranger to drag him from the dying steed, but drew back in terror as his garments, flashing into flame upon their touch, disappeared and left him naked from head to foot, nothing remaining except the bright and shining moccasins, which still protected his feet. "It is an evil spirit," cried the trembling and terrified warriors, as they hurriedly fled to their bows, a Jasper-headed arrow, the only one that can slay a Wizard or Mitchee Skoonap. "Kill him, brothers! It is the fever spirit," cried the chief. "Shoot for the skull under the scalplock. It is the only place where the Jasper seeks the life." In an instant a hundred arrows would have sought the vital spot, when the medicine man sprang in front of the arching weapons and shouted in thunder tones, "Stop! Does fear so blind your eyes and cloud your heart that you see not the truth? Look at those moccasins! Not of a single piece of hide like those of the Cree or Dakota are they formed, but bear the toughened under-skin, that tells of Blackfoot work. It is no evil Manitou come to scatter the tribe by the burning, spotted fever. Look closer!" As he spoke, the warriors drew a narrow circle and peered with startled gaze into the dusky, distorted features of the rigid, naked form lying motionless beside the foam-flecked animal, whose glassy eye and stiffening limbs told that never more would it bear its master to hunt or battle-field. For a moment a quiet as of death reigned, when all at once a young squaw, with a sobbing wail, flung herself upon the gruesome body. Then a thousand tongues became loosened, and a murmur of surprise loudened into many exclamations of eager wonder. "Don't you see! It is Abenakis, who went many long moons ago to kill the Old Man and bring his treasure back. O-ke-ha! Yes, it is he, and these are the magic moccasins, made from the skin of the white buck he killed at the full of the moon. But where are the rest of our brothers who took the warpath with him?" queried many voices. "Where have they been when the buffalo came, and then sought the South again?"

Softly tearing the wailing woman from the long lost husband, rough hands felt for signs of life, and bathed with water the forehead of the voiceless tribesman. "Where can he have ridden from to-day? The sun has shone as brightly as ever, and the mountains have not been hidden by smoke," exclaimed the chief, "yet he must have galloped through a burning prairie, for the hair of the pone-komet (horse) is singed and burned to the skin, and Abenakis is black and covered with little spots of ashes."

The Medicine Man, who had gone to his tepee, now returned with a draught of dark-colored fluid, of which he forced a portion between the clenched teeth of the patient, who presently evinced signs of returning vitality, and soon sat up and stared at the circle of well known faces in a dazed manner. He tried to rise, but fell back almost fainting. Willing arms supported him, while the chief, quieting by a gesture the onlookers, said: "Tell us, Abenakis, where have our braves been who departed long ago, and left no trail behind after the mountains closed upon them? Speak before death stills your voice forever."

In a voice low and faint the slinking warrior spoke. "Brothers," said he, "I come to warn you never more to seek the treasure of the Mighty Wizard, or he will sweep our nation from the

plains. Rest content with what the Great Spirit has given, for he knows best your needs. The braves who went into the sunset are gone forever, and I alone am spared to tell the tale. After we left the village, that summer day, all rode steadily on till the country of the serpents was reached, the dark mountain paths were entered, when a sound like thunder was heard, filling the air with strange mutterings. Our horses plunged and trembled, for they knew as well as we that the ghosts of those gone to the Sand Hills, with no ponies or weapons, were howling and gibbering in the gloomy depths that lay beyond. But we were warriors and penetrated further yet into the blackness, which became filled with strange lights that gleamed and sank like the death fires. Slimy serpents lay across our trail and coiled and bit our horses' feet, so that they soon began to stagger and bloat like putrid carcasses, and then died, so we had to make our way with fear filled hearts as best we could on foot, slaying the reptiles with our Jasper arrows. Nevertheless many of us died, and it was with diminished numbers that our band passed out of these horrors into the open country on the other side. But we were little better off, for as far as eye could reach it was naught but a grassless desert. Nothing with life was to be seen. Overhead the sun hung like a red globe of fire, underfoot the hot sand burned our moccasins to a crisp, mine alone escaping, being magic. Every breath we drew was burning and madness soon began to fill our eyes, for we found neither food nor water. Here and there in the distance could be seen ponds and rivers fringed with shrubs and trees, but as we approached the waters dried up and the poplars disappeared. My mouth could scarcely hold my dry and swollen tongue. We went on thus for two pony sleeps, wandering aimlessly like ghosts over these plains, scorched by day and shivering when the night time came, for we had thrown away our blankets in the heat of day. Then the Manitou of evil came into some of the band, so that they howled like coyotes, cut themselves with their knives and tried to quench the awful thirst with the slowly oozing, thickened blood, and then fell helpless on the sands. There we left them and built no Dead Lodge, being now but few in number. At the end of the third day we lay down to sleep, exhausted, and sank into a deep slumber; next morning we awoke with a start to see several of our tribe lying on the ground, and, strange to say, we no longer felt the awful heat, nor had we hunger or thirst. I went to raise one of the strangers' arms, but my hand passed through it like air. I started back in horror and wonder, and then saw that no shadows were made by my companions or myself; that my magic moccasins were on the dead man's feet, and that his features were my own; I saw this though they were shriveled and wrinkled by the sufferings of the last few days, or years perhaps, for I knew not how the time had passed since last my foot had left a trail. The truth became clear, as we soon knew E-in sin ni (Death) had come upon us, and we were no longer of the living.

"We were still looking with wonder upon our own rigid bodies, which were now cast off forever, when suddenly the sunlight disappeared and a fierce, strong wind began to blow out of the darkness, forcing us before it, we knew not where. On we went, over plains, forests, rivers and mountains, whirling in the blast like dead leaves in autumn. I knew not how long it took, for I felt neither hunger, fatigue nor thirst, nor saw the face of the sun to tell. All at once a tiny point of light shone in the distance, like a camp fire, growing larger and scattering the gloom as we approached it, until at length the blackness was entirely gone and the fire gleamed brighter than the clearest day, so that we could see everything before us. We were upon the top of an immense mountain, and the earth was stretched at our feet like a map of birch bark, all the rivers of the plains stretching away like streaks of sunshine, the forests and hills seeming no larger than clumps of sage brush. Looking around, I saw that we were in a tepee larger than all the dwellings of the Blackfeet together, the top stretching away till it was almost lost to sight, while the sides were formed of white buffalo hides, marked by the tokens of all the tribes of the earth, Blackfoot, Cree, Dakota, Mandan, Crow and Sarcee. Each had their mark and symbol painted in shining pigments around the lodge. Piles of rich furs, otter, sable, beaver and white fox were strewn around and almost hid the ground from sight; from the lodge poles hung masses of priceless wampum, strings of the rarest beads and ornaments of some white and shining metal, (silver) which I had never seen before, while arrow heads of flint and Jasper lay in heaps here and there. In all my life I had never dreamed of such great treasure. At the far end of the tepee, upon a bundle of beaver skins, was seated an old man—in size a giant—his face streaked and painted with vermilion and yellow, till it looked like a glowing sunset. His long gray hair was braided into plaits, held together by rings of the same white metal spoken of before. A white buff robe covered his knees as he sat, while several rattlesnakes coiled around his arms and neck, sounding their warning note and raising their horrid heads as we looked.

"With fear and weakness of heart I gazed at his countenance, which changed its aspect every little while. Now he seemed a grave and kindly medicine man, but the next moment might have been the Manitou of evil, so terrible was the light that gleamed in his deep-set eyes. On either side of him was an earthen bowl of strange shape and yellow color. That on the right was filled to the brim with clear and sparkling water, which was constantly overflowing and passing down in a stream, which, strange to say, grew larger as it ran, until I could see it widen into a swiftly running brook, becoming lost to view as it rushed down the mountain side, where it fell over a diaphanous precipice far beneath us.

"The great vessel on the left contained a strange flame, which rose up into the air like

a shining pillar of light, becoming lost in the sun above, every moment changing in hue and lighting up all the world. I took but a moment to see these wonders. Then the old man spoke, or appeared to speak, for I heard and understood him in my heart, although his lips moved not.

"Said he: 'Oh, my prairie people, know that I am Ap-is-to-tok-i-au, he who makes the water come!'

"On earth you think that from me only evil springs, yet good and evil are to one another as the arrow to the bow. Without the one the other may not be. The rain falls, and you shiver and say, 'Na-pi-ua is angry with us!' yet the sun soon shines, the grass grows longer and greener, and the buffalo comes, giving you food and shelter. The winds may blow fiercely from the mountains, yet they keep away the bitter cold of winter. So, too, the most powerful charm often lies in the meanest medicine bag.

"But, my children, you were not contented with what you had and must search in far-off places for the treasures which in the end only slip your grasp and leave you poorer than before. Many of your tribe before you came seeking 'the Old Man,' and found him as you have, after the hand of E-in sin ni had fallen upon them in the desert.

"All the nations have tried to solve the mystery, only to leave their totems where you see them, on yonder wall of buffalo hide.

"For all who visit me leave their sign behind, that those who come after may read and know.

"Look! and as he spoke, he pointed to the vessel of ever-changing colored flame. 'This fire you see mounting to the sky burns forever, and has done so from the commencement of all things. On earth the people see it arching like a bow across the heavens after the rain has passed, and say 'Na-pi-ua is happy.' See how brightly his face is painted. The sparkling water you see bubbling from this other vessel is the water of life and knowledge; from it spring all the rivers of the prairies and forests. Listen and hear it as it rushes down the mountains to the bitter big sea waters, many moons distant through hills and foggy fenlands, we did so, and heard at first only the purring and gentle rippling a brook would make.

"Then the stream sound grew louder and harsher, rising and falling as it sobbed and wailed like a woman, while tearing madly through some rocky channel, now flowing softer as it ran between wider poplar-lined banks of the plains below.

"We could see, too, as in a vision the green grass growing in the river bottoms, the flowers with their brilliant colors scenting the prairies, and great herds of the el-nint (Buffalo) feeding quietly in the distance. And there also was a Blackfoot village, the horses picketed around, the women cutting firewood or making moccasins, the warriors smoking or gambling for blankets and ponies, while little children ran here and there playing at mimic war or chasing the gaudy a-pun-nix (butterfly). As we looked our spirits grew sad and heavy, for we knew now that we had lost, when it was too late, and the old man raising his awful voice spoke again, saying, 'See the pleasant places you left behind, to chase a shadow which lured you on and then disappeared, a colored bubble that burst and vanished into air as a sea-fog before the sun. You came hunting for the treasure of Ap-is-to-tok-i-au and will find it to your sorrow. Drink of this magic water, handing each of us a small bowl of the sparkling, bubbling liquid as he spoke. I drank mine at a single swallow, and immediately it seemed as if I felt the hand of death upon me for the second time.

"An intense darkness came before my sight, interspersed with shooting stars and sparks of flame. My very heart stood still. Then all at once the light came again, and I found myself with the other ghosts, standing upon the shores of a vast, strange lake. Upon every side rose towering cliffs of scarred and weather-beaten rock, seamed and blackened as if by fire. No tree or shrub grew in that place, nor did the cry of bird or animal disturb the awful silence that reigned supreme. The water of a bluish tinge changed its appearance as we gazed; now darkening in hue, then bursting forth into an almost dazzling brightness. Several canoes lay drawn up on the pebbly beach, pebbles and all complete, as if for a journey. In the center of the lake lay an island, and we perceived that it was covered with treasure, richer even than that we had seen in the lodge of Ap-is-to-tok-i-au. At once a strange unconquerable desire seized hold on us, and rushing towards the canoes we were all soon eagerly making for the island, which loomed alone in the changing waters. This was speedily reached, and we madly threw ourselves upon the rich bales of furs and wampum, fighting and striking at each other like wild beasts. The frail crafts being laden till they could scarcely float, we again embarked for the rocky shore, but had barely gone half the distance when the canoes sank as if made of stone, leaving us all struggling in the water. Water, did I say? It was liquid fire, burning and scorching us, as we swam to the land, shrieking wildly for relief and enduring such torture as tongue of man cannot speak of.

"After what seemed a lifetime we reached the beach and struggled to our feet, when our pains all left, and we saw the canoes drawn up in exactly the same place as when we first laid eyes on them. The island, too, with the treasure plainly visible, lay in the distance, as if we had never touched a single beaver skin. While gazing in astonishment at these things, the same strange madness took possession of our hearts. Once more we sought the island, and returning, the canoes sank as before, causing us to endure the awful torments anew. This was repeated as often as we would reach the land, and our bitter agony was suffered without a moment's rest. Save at certain times when a fiery wind would blow from off the lake, forcing us before it, walling through the mountain passes, over the sunlit prairie, where we could see our living tribesmen, they not seeing us, though we tried to call them by name, as we passed before the blast, only to hear them say to one another, as their eagle feathers fluttered in the wind, 'Ik-kin-ai-so-pu (the Chinook) is howling; we are going to have a storm,' we would be driven thus, until the warm wind would drop quiet and exhausted, which it did as a general thing, in that part of

the country, through which the river of white water (Milk River) runs its winding course. There, by what magic I know not, for a space of time we resumed the form of living men, and drew on the rocks of sandstone that abound there, pictures and signs, that those of our tribe in life, who happened in those regions while hunting the buffalo or on the war-path, might know our history and escape the cruel fate that met us in the desert.

"For the months of absence we traced lines with white circles, meaning moons, at either end. 'For the 'Old Man' who makes the rain,' we drew dripping fingers, pointing downwards. The war party which crossed the mountains were shown by figures facing westward. Each day a single arrow, with little stars above for night time, told the time our wanderings took, and around these many symbols we made a great black circle, showing how death had come upon us.

"Then a blindness and confusion would take hold on us, and after hearing a whirling like the rushing of giant wings we would find ourselves once more upon the borders of the lake of torment, to undergo the 'reward of avarice' as before.

"In this manner time went on, until one day, by what chance I know not, the wind driving us eastward, dropped a moment in a sheltered spot, leaving me alone upon the ground.

"Upon looking up I saw that I was beside the magic tepee of Ap-is-to-tok-i-au. I glanced around, dreading to see the awful face of Na-pi-ua, but his place was empty and nothing living was there, except a giant crow, which sat pawing upon the lodge pole.

"Taking courage I spoke to him, knowing now the language of all the birds and beasts, saying: 'Have pity on me, crow, tell me how to escape to join my people on the plains again.' Whereupon the bird cried: 'I will tell you, Abenakis, on yonder desert lies the body cast off when E-in sin ni placed his hand upon you. Take some of this water of life, and go to where your mortal frame lies shriveled in the sand, place a few drops of the liquid in the mouth, when life will come once more; but be quick, for Ap-is-to-tok-i-au may return at any moment. Filled with joy, I took the horn of a buffalo that lay on the ground, and filled it to the brim with the sparkling draught which bubbled up from the yellow vessel, speedily made my way over to the waste of sand and sage brush to the place where the raven pointed out, and there beheld the withered corpse lying as I had last seen them. I knew mine by the moccasins, and forcing the stiffened jaws apart placed a little of the water in the mouth, when all at once a deep sleep came upon me. The sun went out, and I knew no more until at length I awoke, and rising to my feet saw by the shadow I now cast that I was a man and numbered among the living.

"Looking at the other bodies lying silent and rigid, I was seized with pity, and looked for my horn of water to give them life. But it had all been split, except a very small quantity, which I carefully treasured, lest I should need it myself, and passed on with many a sorrowful look behind at those who might not come, who lay voiceless now, whose war whoops I had heard on many a bloody battle-field.

"All that day I journeyed on, passing over many long and weary miles, my moccasins carrying me faster than a pony could travel, so that when night fell I had passed through the mountains with their many perils, and found myself among the foot-hills that lie like sentinels before the mighty range. Now and again I could see strange lights flash across the sky and hear a noise like distant thunder, and knew 'the Old Man' had missed me.

"The night was becoming bitterly cold, and having no blanket I began to shiver, when, looking around, I spied some little kit foxes gambolling around their burrows, and cried, 'Oh, kit foxes, have pity on me and tell me how I may warm myself.' Then one of them, who seemed to be a chief, spoke and said, 'Oh, Abenakis, on yonder rock lies a white buffalo robe, but the rock is magic, and if the robe be taken will pursue the thief and crush him to the earth.'

"Nevertheless I went over, climbed up and took the warm, thick covering and walked away. I had gone but a short distance when I

Continued on Page Three.

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Styles for Spring.

WHILE the provident and conservative woman is fashioning her cotton dresses for the coming season, the ultra-fashionable and the debutante have been in a positive whirl of gaiety which is scarcely halted to all intents and purposes by the Lenten season, for there are teas and At Homes, informal receptions and various semi-dutty entertainments that occupy quite as much time and, in many cases, quite as much hard work as one finds in the very height of the season. Added to this, there is in most instances no little time and talent expended in the effort to eke out the fashionable wardrobe by a little refitting and refurbishing, for many women make it a matter of pride to finish up the season if possible with few, if any, really new dresses. There are charming waists for wear with dark skirts, big, fluffy Empire sashes and corselets without limit, an abundance of trimming of all sorts and narrow-topped flaring skirts. The newest sleeves are very full at the top and have ribbons arranged in epaulette fashion. The fancy waist which is in such general use seems to have no end of pretty modifications. In some styles, the body of the dress is in princess fashion, the collar, a very deep yoke, the full sleeves and a belt four or five inches wide are of velvet. Some costumes have in addition to this a full-plaited bertha trimming of velvet. This sometimes extends from shoulders to belt, in order models merely to a point over the bust and down midway between the shoulders at the back. This, however, is not as becoming as the long lines, especially at the back, as it gives a sort of round-shouldered effect.

The earliest spring wraps will be in three-quarter circular fashion. Some of the most elegant of these are of thick, soft plush or velvet. They are very full and either have yokes or an outline yoke of trimming. The collars are very high at the sides and back, slightly open in the front and edged with some fluffy trimming, preferably rather long fur. Much less feather trimming is seen than heretofore, and there seems to be an opinion that it will gradually grow less in favor. A handsome wrap has a square yoke coming well down between the shoulders at the back and half-way to the waist-line in front. Very full-topped sleeves are set into this, the body of the garment is box-plaited into the yoke and hangs full about half-down the skirt. This fashion may do for very slender people, but it is inconvenient with much stoutness. A model that has been much admired is of very thick plush, with bright satin lining. Around the shoulders is a band of trimming made of sable tails, and a very close high collar is of the same material.

Girls' dresses have the same full sleeves as those of their elders. The skirts, however, are for the most part plain and made of straight widths, or possibly with a gored front and sides with a straight back. Bodice-fronts of fancy material or embroidery are seen on some dresses of plain goods. In some cases, these fronts have points that turn over toward the sleeves in revers fashion. There are, also, very full sleeves of plain velvet used with wool dresses. Belts of some sort are in almost universal use for girls. Bands of velvet around the skirts are also popular. A stylish and comfortable costume, and one specially suited for school-wear, is made of soft cloth or camel-hair, with a five-inch bias band of velvet at the hem. The sleeves are full at the tops and have fitted cuffs of velvet extending from wrists to elbows, plain belt and collar of velvet, with double-breasted front. A great deal of plaid in wool, silk and velvet will be used for girls' dresses; and, as the season advances, enormous quantities of ribbon as trimming. Embossed leather trimming is a novelty. Some of the designs are finished in colors. The effect is somewhat peculiar. Marguerite pockets are popular. They are made of silk, satin or velvet and suspended from the waist with ribbons. Novelty shoes have very sharp-pointed toes and high heels, but are not healthful, sensible or becoming. Large hats literally loaded with ostrich plumes are to be worn during the spring.

The costlier novelties in fine woolen stuffs and in silk and wool mixtures have already been recorded. Those with quaint designs, creped and puckered like pea-pods, or with a pattern of guipure tracery, or in zigzag stripes like a bolt of lightning, find most favor. More popular fabrics of pure wool, openly woven, are shown at the popular prices. Thus, there are wide, well marked diagonals of two colors, elegantly woven to make them of light summer weight, shown in the fashionable light contrasts of pale green with tan-color, or dark blue with brown. These are double fold, but as they are not of the greatest width, prudent shoppers buy eight yards for an entire frock, or else six yards for sleeves and skirt, with a silk waist. Quite different from these are smooth-surfaced poplinettes that shed dust like water, and are so closely woven that they will wear like iron. These are commended for the summer traveling dresses that will have hard wear next season if they are to be worn day after day at the Chicago Fair. The coloring is delicate, but will clean well, one of the best having a blue wool with fawn-colored warp, another pale green warp and tan cross-threads, the bright color showing merely in the general effect. Only seven yards are needed, as the fabric is fifty inches wide. Of the same width and price are whip-cords of summer weight, and double diagonals of soft fine wool, suitable for either house or walking dresses, in four violet hues, in fawn, tan, or brown, in light and dark green, in three excellent shades of blue, and in two clear grays. Added to these are stylish large checks of light colors, and also many springlines with pin dots of silk introduced in a contrasting color, as the merest stitches of yellow silk on violet corded wool, or on green wool that has cross cords of violet, or else bright red stitches on fawn wool traversed with blue silk cords.

Directoire jacket waists with fanciful vests are on newly imported French dresses for walking and traveling made of simple spring woolsens. The Directoire waist is round in the back and quite wide, having no middle seam,

and merely one under the arm. The fronts are short jacket shape, reaching to the waist, and turning back in wide incroyable revers that may stop at the long shoulder seams or extend back of the sleeves, at pleasure. The under-front is a gathered shirt waist of "bright silk"—such as shot taffeta striped with satin—or else it is of a breadth of bengaline of a contrasting color forming girde-like folds, and above carried as Empire folds across the bust, the top filled out with guimpe or chemisette of silk muslin or batiste. A Directoire dress of green and violet diagonal wool with green prevailing has the jacket fronts turned back in revers gathered as epaulettes over the shoulders, to disappear in the arm-holes of the back. Three rows of violet velvet are laid as trimming on the revers. The shirt fronts, gathered below the throat and at the belt, are of shot violet and green silk striped with pink. The large leg-of-mutton sleeves are gathered to a band at the wrist. The flaring skirt of four sloped breadths is four yards to four and a half yards wide at the foot, and is trimmed with two wide box-pleatings of violet velvet ribbon, one at the foot, the other about the knee.

Individualities.

Both Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge and Kate Field use phonographs instead of dictating their matter to stenographers.

The prison of Mezas, which has become the temporary home of the noted Panama swindlers, was named after the brave French soldier, Colonel Mezas, who was fatally wounded at the battle of Austerlitz.

It is the intention of Bill Nye to write a history of the United States. He says that it will contain a few facts, as it is almost impossible to keep them out. It will be the first real book he has ever written.

A Denver housewife has an Indian princess to do her housework. The young woman is the daughter of a Pawnee chief, and in English her name is Rose Howell. She was a student in the Carlisle School for many years.

The Countess de Nurasol, Miss Eliza Hughes and Fraulein Paula, who are respectively the Spanish, English and Austrian governesses of the infantas of Spain, receive salaries of four thousand dollars a year and a home in the royal household.

The city authorities of Carlsbad, the famous health resort, are soon to commence work on a new bath-house, the cost of which will be nearly two hundred thousand dollars. It will comprise the latest improvements for bathing, massage and gymnastics.

So many musical manuscripts have been submitted to the National Conservatory of Music, in New York, in the competition for prizes offered some months ago, that Dr. Dvorak is compelled to say that the announcement of prizes cannot be made before March.

A. F. Parker, a street car conductor in Oakland, Cal., who took part in the march with Wolsley across the desert to Khartoum, to relieve Stanley, is the fortunate possessor of two medals for bravery on the battlefield, one given by the Queen, the other by the Khedive of Egypt.

The Queen of the Belgians has just ordered two or three photographs, the purpose of which is to record her majesty's extempore compositions on the piano. She is a very good hand at this sort of work, but unfortunately as soon as she has finished a composition the greater part of it has already vanished from her memory.

Mrs. L. W. Hower of Arcata, California, is an accomplished hunter. She is an Easterner by birth, but has lived in California since her marriage, fifteen years ago. She learned to shoot with the rifle in order to defend her husband's flock from wildcats, and is an expert shot even from the back of a broncho.

Down comes another old Paris landmark. This time it is the Salle de l'Ermitage in the Rue de Jussieu, which is to be demolished to enable the widening of the street. In this hall Gambetta made his debut as an orator, and Naquet, Louise Michel, Blanqui, and others have given their radical views there.

Nearly one hundred thousand dollars is the price said to have been received by George Ohnet, in various royalties, for his *Le Maître des Forges*. At the two hundredth performance of the play in Paris he is reported to have given every member of the company a cravat pin of gold containing a brilliant.

A young musician attached to the French army garrison was recently married to a young lady of Altona, Germany, and had expected to be serenaded upon the return of the bridal party to France; but, to their great surprise, they were met by military officers who conducted them to a cholera hospital where they spent their honeymoon as suspects.

Miss Mildred Lee and Miss Mary Curtis Lee, the daughters of the great Confederate general, have won for themselves the reputation of confirmed "globe-trotters." Miss Mildred Lee is now in Europe, and her sister, who has been in this country recently, will pass the rest of the winter in Cairo. She has already traveled around the world twice, and has visited nearly every country in Europe.

Mrs. Louie McLendon Gordon, who in part represents the State of Georgia at the World's Fair, is president of a literary club in Atlanta, and has written letters of travel to the press. She is actively engaged in charitable work, or ganized and private; and at the recent meeting of the Southern Baptist convention in Birmingham she delivered an address on Cuban missions.

A unique character among the working women of Toledo, Ohio, is Mrs. Tessier, a widow, who supports herself and four small children by delivering the daily newspapers. She has earned a comfortable livelihood in this manner for nearly three years, and besides supporting her family she has been enabled to lay aside an extra amount to meet possible emergencies.

Noted writers are to be sent on a voyage around the world to discover literary material for descriptive stories and romances. The voyage is based on the lives and scenes of foreign lands visited. Julian Hawthorne is to lead the expedition, and he will take an artist, a geologist, a naturalist and a conchologist. A schooner, to be named the *Sargasso*, will be chartered, and will sail from New York this month.

Ap-is-to-tok-i-au.

Continued from Page Two.

heard a great noise behind and, looking back saw the rock coming after me in mighty leaps and bounds. At once I began to run as rapidly as my magic moccasins would carry me, and kept this up until the early morning, the rock coming closer and closer all the time. I was now becoming very tired, and was almost giving up in despair, when before me I saw a huge buffalo bull feeding on the prairie, and called out, 'Oh, buffalo, take pity on me and stop the running rock.' 'I will try, Aben-aquis,' said the animal as I passed, and looking back, I saw him place himself with lowered horns and blazing eyes in the way of the swiftly coming stone. Another moment and he was crushed to pieces, and the rock, never stopping an instant, came on as before.

'I kept on a few miles further, and was so exhausted and weakened that I thought my time had surely come, when a grizzly bear slowly crossed my path. I shouted, 'Oh, bear, stop the rock, and I promise my people will never hurt you any more.' 'I will try, Oh, Aben-aquis,' I heard him cry, and bracing himself to stop my pursuer, he met the same fate as the buffalo. A little further on I came across a horse munching the rich grass, and jumped upon him, urging him to the top of his speed, yet the rock still gained on us, and set the prairie on fire from his gathered heat, and 'the Old Man' sending a strong wind from the hills, I was in greater danger than ever, for the flames ran quicker than the boulder, and soon caught us, scorching and singeing us as you see.

'The pony began to falter and stagger, and I could see the eyes of death glaring at me from the smoke, when, remembering the magic water, I took the horn and threw it behind the horse's heels. All at once a tearing and crashing was heard, louder than any thunder, and looking back I saw that a mighty river had formed from the few drops of water, and was rushing, foaming, madly tearing a channel through the prairie, putting out the fire and stopping the magic rock forever.

'I then rode directly on till I reached this camp, and you, my brothers, took me for the Fever Spirit and were about to slay me, not knowing who the blackened stranger was. I have gained my object, and warn you, O Black-feet, never to seek 'the Old Man' any more. I have spoken.'

After saying these words Aben-aquis ceased speaking, and growing weaker and weaker died the next day, notwithstanding that the Medicine Man used his most powerful drugs and charms, for the flames of the fire he had breathed on the prairie had done him fatal harm. From that time Ap-is-to-tok-i-au was never sought for by Blood or Blackfoot warrior. Such is the strange story Aben-aquis told.

At the present day the writing stones on the Milk River, with their strange hieroglyphics, are pointed out by the Indians as the place where the "ghosts talked," and the Old Man's River in Southern Alberta owes its origin to the Magic Water of Na-pi-us, in the manner related above.

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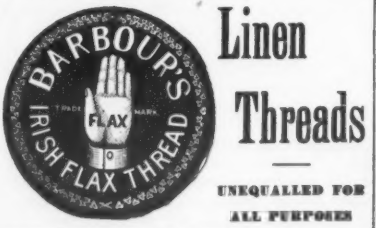
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He—Do you believe that love can exist without jealousy? She—Not in any affair in which I take part.

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Social and Personal.

The spacious residence of Mrs. G. M. Rose, 97 St. Joseph street, was filled with a gay company on Friday evening, March 10, about one hundred of Miss Emma Rose's young friends having responded to her kind invitation. Dancing was kept up until a late hour to excellent music furnished by Glionna.

Victoria Rink was well patronized last Saturday evening by some of our most prominent society people. It was the last skate of the season, for the rink closed on Monday. Among the skaters present I noticed: Miss Montisambert, Miss Kirkpatrick, Mr. W. C. Durritt, Miss Daisy Ince, the Misses Maclean, Mr. Frank Maclean, Miss T. Mason, Miss Burnham, Mr. Burnham, Mr. Lincoln Hunter, Mr. Howland, Miss Wilson and Messrs. Ritchie, Evans, Sweeney and Howard.

Professor VanderSmisen's lecture on Goethe's Faust, as at first created, drew a large gathering to the west hall of University College last Saturday afternoon. As might be expected, the girl undergraduate, with her unfailing tendency to honor moderns, was there in full force, and the baser student body was also well represented. Among the interested faces I noticed: Professor and Mrs. Hutton, Professor and Mrs. Alexander, Professor and Mrs. Fairclough, Miss Cartwright, Mr. and Mrs. Alley, Mrs. VanderSmisen, Dr. and Mrs. Ellis, Miss Cayley, Miss Pope, President Loudon, Mr. J. Herbert Mason, Miss Mason, Mr. Martland, Professor Fraser, Mr. A. H. Young, Mr. S. G. Wood, Mr. J. C. Hamilton and Mr. H. Caston.

A very merry sleigh-ride drove out on Monday evening to East Toronto village, after a preliminary cup of coffee at Dr. Stevenson's, and there indulged in a dance at the Oddfellows' Hall. Mr. and Mrs. Beau Jarvis were the chaperones and in their charge were: Miss Stevenson, Miss Cartwright, Miss O'Reilly of Hamilton, Miss Alice Howland, the Misses Parsons, the Misses Baird, Miss Thomson, Miss Towner, Miss Miller, Miss Livingstone and Miss Maule, and Messrs. McMillan, Ketchum, Lowndes, Gault, Muntz, Morton Jones, Arnold, Maule, H. Jones, Denison, Bayley, Hulme, Sweeney, Walsh and Lyon Lindsey. The drive was voted one of the jolliest of the season.

A smoking concert by Chesterfield Lodge, S. O. E., was held on Thursday evening in St. George's Hall. A programme of varied material in the hands of an able committee was very well rendered.

The Toronto Bicycle Club give a euchre party at the club house, Jarvis street, on next Wednesday evening.

Miss Callaghan of Kingston is the guest of Mrs. John C. Kemp.

It is announced that the marriage of Mr. D'Eyncourt Strickland and Miss Bright is to be solemnized in Easter week.

The engagement of Miss Bertha Grantham and Mr. Thompson is announced this week.

Miss O'Reilly of Hamilton, who has been the guest of Mrs. Beau Jarvis, has returned home.

Mrs. E. A. Scadding of Church street gave a most enjoyable progressive euchre party and dance on Friday evening, March 3, in honor of Mrs. J. Fraser Bryce and her sister, Miss Ada Rogers of New York.

On Friday of last week Miss Myrtle Brown was at home to a large number of her young friends. The evening was spent in dancing to the strains of Glionna's orchestra. The charming young hostess looked very pretty in a yellow silk Empire frock. Miss Brown was assisted by her mother, who wore a confection of black silk and mauve trimmings and diamond ornaments. Others whom I noticed were: Miss Olive Brown, a very pretty bud in a lemon colored silk and berthe frills; Miss Florence Johnston of Seaford looked lovely in a white Empire frock; Miss Evelyn Green, in white silk; Miss L. Starnaday wore pink; Miss Clara Brown of Sherbourne street looked well in a pale heliotrope Empire gown which admirably became her; Miss Ethel Millicamp was very sweet in pink; Miss Marion Bastedo, in a white gown; Miss Emily Holmes of Rosedale, in cream; and Miss E. Toye, looking very pretty in a cream silk. Among the sterner sex I noticed: Messrs. Bull, Hodgins, Staunton, Rose, Mulholland, Green, Burnside, Bemer, Bienenach, Armstrong, Dixon, Shields, and others.

Mr. H. Manly, who has been spending six months in Manitoba, N.W.T., British Columbia, California, and Mexico, spent a few days in Toronto this week on his way to Prince Edward Island and the Maritime Provinces.

The many friends of Mrs. Wilcox, Marlborough avenue, will be pleased to hear she is convalescing and will soon be out again.

Mr. J. Power and his daughter, Miss T. Power, have left on an extended trip to Virginia and Florida, where they intend remaining for a few months.

Mr. and Mrs. James H. Blong celebrated their wedding on Monday evening at their residence, 95 Alexander street. Among the invited guests were: Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Orpen, Miss Orpen, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Man son, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Blong, Miss Blong, Mr. George Blong, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Thompson, Miss Thompson, Miss Lillie Thompson, Mr. Robert Thompson, Mr. Joseph Thompson, Mr. George Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. George Coleman, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Stanton, Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. H. L. Gallagher, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Jeffrey, Mr. Fred Manthie, Miss Manthie, Mr. Charles Doherty, Mr. Arthur Doherty, Mr. Wm. Stitt, Mr. Frank Stitt, Miss Carlie, Mr. Robert Taylor, Mr. Taylor, Miss Taylor, Mr. Charles Webster, Miss Hamilton, Mr. Harry Tinsel, Mr. Frank Lloyd, Miss Martha Bickell, Miss Jessie McDonald, Mr. James Aiken, Mr. James Chambers, Mr. Thomas Smith, Miss Jessie Geary, and Mr. John Kirkpatrick. Mrs. Blong was assisted by her sister, Miss Taylor, and Miss Hamilton in receiving her guests. The presents were numerous. Among the ladies

who wore pretty dresses were: Miss Blong, black silk with blue green and lace trimmings; Miss McDonald, white Indian silk and pearls; Miss Hamilton, blue green silk with white chiffon trimmings; Miss Taylor, pale blue crepe with silver trimmings; Miss Geary, buttercup silk with jet trimmings; Miss Orpen, crimson crepe and diamonds; Miss Russell, claret-colored silk; Miss Thompson, black silk and silver; Miss Lillie Thompson, green silk; Miss Carlie, pink silk; Miss Manthie, fawn and brown.

The Maritana Club gave their fifth annual At Home at Webb's parlors on Friday evening, March 3. The event was most successful in every way, and the able committee deserve great credit for their arrangement and solicitude for the enjoyment of their numerous guests. It was decidedly a young people's dance and scores of pretty girls in dainty gowns were present. The committee were: Messrs. W. G. Quigley, Jr., W. White, F. J. Whatmough, H. W. Briggs, W. K. Booth, J. C. Fraser, Frank E. Martin, H. S. Scott, H. A. McLean, M. J. Dubois, L. J. G. Galbraith, and Mr. G. P. Sharkey, secretary. Everyone did his best to promote the success of the evening, which was most pronounced. Glionna's orchestra played a programme of twenty-eight dances, and for the first time in my experience I heard a figure of the lancers encored. Among the guests from out of town I remarked three gentlemen of the Press Cycling Club, Buffalo, Messrs. Britt, Digby and Morford. Among the many who wore pretty gowns I remarked: Miss Ada Bywater, Nile green and pink; Miss K. Burns, cream and green velvet; Miss Gertrude Ball, Nile green and pink; Miss Bertha Burkholder, pink; Miss Hattie Anderson, yellow and white velvet; Miss Wasson, Nile green and Irish gold trimmings; Miss C. Walker, yellow, cream and gold trimmings; Miss McIntyre, blue; Miss V. B. Sheppard, Nile green and pink; Miss B. Crofton, cream and yellow; Miss Hadley, Nile green and gold; Miss W. Sinclair, pale green; Miss Barton, ressed blue; Miss Mary Patterson, Agincourt, white silk, brocaded daintily with flowers, made à la Watteau; Mrs. W. J. Richards, black silk and lace; Miss Edith Hirst, robin egg blue, dark bretelles and white fur. The programme was very prettily gotten up by Messrs. James Bain & Son, in blue and white, with the monogram of the Maritana Club in embossed metallic letters. The following is a list of those present: Mrs. G. Akins of Orangeville, Miss Hattie Anderson, Miss Alcock, Miss Apted, Miss Armstrong, Miss Anderson, Miss Arkey, Mr. C. W. Armstrong, Mr. F. J. Aylward, Mrs. Brennan, Miss Hattie Brown, Miss Bertha Burkholder, Miss Barton, Miss Bennett, Miss E. Barrows of Hamilton, Miss Bell, Miss Bowman, Miss Burns, Miss Beatty, Miss Belgie, Miss Bywater, Miss Ball, Mr. J. S. Bruce, Dr. Barton, Messrs. J. Bray, W. A. B'ashford, J. J. Burns, and John Britt of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Chanter, Mr. and Mrs. J. Curry, Miss Cassidy, the Misses Campbell, Miss B. Crofton, Miss Casey, Mr. A. Clark, Messrs. S. Cunningham, R. J. Chambers, H. C. Coates, G. E. Carlisle, W. Corbett of Boston, E. F. Churchill, and Coulthard, Mrs. Dingwall, Miss Duckworth, Miss Dancy, Miss S. Dubois, Miss Devlin, Miss Dobson, Miss D'Amont, Messrs. F. Dean, W. A. Denton, J. Dancy, H. Dubois, R. Duthie, T. A. Doherty, and W. Digby of Buffalo, Mr. and Mrs. John Earls, the Misses Earsman, Mr. S. B. Ewing, Mr. A. Eraman, Mr. S. M. Eury, Mr. and Mrs. L. Farewell, the Misses Farby, Messrs. J. E. Fifth, J. D. Ferguson of Hamilton, C. C. Forsythe, R. Grover, P. G. Garrod, T. Gavin, and J. A. Gibbons, Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Hurst, Mr. and Mrs. W. Hill, Miss M. Henderson, Miss Edith Hirst, Miss Hadley, Miss Haskett, Miss Henderson, Miss Holden, Miss Florence Hoar of Bowmanville, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hoar, Messrs. E. Hancock, B. E. Hazelhurst, J. Hackett of Hamilton, F. Joyce of Oakville, Sam Johnston, L. Johnston of Hamilton, M. Leadley, A. L. Lyon, and Lucas, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Mitchell, Miss Kilfedder, Miss Madden, Miss B. Martin, Miss M. Murphy, Miss MacFarlane, the Misses Morell, and Miss Mannell, and Messrs. A. McFarlane, N. MacCallum, J. Mathers, J. R. Miller, W. B. Montgomery, and A. E. Morford of Buffalo, Mrs. McCaul, the Misses McGann, Miss McCue, Miss F. McIntyre, Miss McClelland, Miss McLean, the Misses McInerney, and Messrs. M. W. McCue, F. McGann, J. J. McKittrick, J. McKnight, J. McCung, W. G. McClelland, W. McQuillan, C. M. McQuillan, W. H. McKenzie, A. McCullough, A. J. McLean, M. McInerney, C. R. McWilliams, Miss Lottie Noxon, Mr. and Mrs. T. Meredith Norman, Miss Nichols, the Misses O'Neal, Miss Mary Patterson, Miss C. Pells, Miss K. Power, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Poole, Miss K. Palmer, Messrs. J. Power, C. R. Peterkin, Jr., E. Y. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Richardson, Miss Robertson, Miss Ross, Messrs. W. H. Raymore, W. Richardson, J. Ross, S. J. Rugg, Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Stephens, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Stewart, Mr. and Mrs. R. Sparks, Miss Winnie Sinclair, Miss Sheppard, Miss Somers, Miss Sellers, Messrs. J. M. Sinclair, C. A. Simmons, S. S. Searle, F. Gordon Sheak, F. H. Skerrett of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Tipping, Miss Taylor, Messrs. T. Verner, L. N. Vanstone, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. A. Walde, Miss J. Wright, Miss L. Walker, Miss Mabel Walker, Miss Wynn, Miss Wason, Miss Watkins, and Messrs. F. Worden, A. S. Wiley, A. Watt, S. Walker, and E. Wilson of Markham.

The Toronto Literary and Musical Club held their annual At Home on Friday evening of last week, in St. George's Hall, when a large number of the members of the club and their friends participated in the dance. The following is a partial list of those present: Dr. A. W. Mayberry, president; Mr. W. R. Clark, vice-president; Mr. G. Bailey, secretary; Mr. R. W. Parkinson, treasurer; Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Parker, Dr. Ezra H. Adams, Mr. A. W. and Miss Blight, Mr. R. W. and Miss Parkinson, Mr. A. G. and Miss M. Carter, Mr. Baker, Miss L. Spink, Miss and Miss A. Brownjohn, Mr. Baker, Miss N. Martin, Mr. Low, Miss T. Adams, Dr. M. McFarlane, Mr. Gray, Miss Lindsay, Miss and Miss L. Bull, Mr. W. Smith, Mr. S. Weller, Mr. and Mrs. Hirschberg, Miss E. Smith, Mr. G. J. and Miss Brown, Miss and Miss P. Watson, Mr. A. and Miss Bailey, Miss Andric of Galt, Miss Blight, Mr. H. W. Parker, Mr. H. Smith,

Mr. F. Dixon, Mr. W. J. and Miss G. Arnott, Misses E. and A. Mills, Miss J. Strutt, Miss R. Pattullo, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Hutchinson, Mr. W. Hollam, Miss Pells, Mr. and Mrs. Foy, Mr. A. S. Stewart of Glasgow, Mr. Little, Miss Goodjoke of Bermuda, Mr. W. A. Wilson, Miss Johnston, Mr. F. Robertson, Mr. Bishop, Miss Lennox, Mr. W. R. Taylor, Miss Pain, Mr. Lee, Mr. Bert Smith, Miss Coles, Mr. McMaster.

Mrs. Dan A. Rose of 39 St. Mary street has issued cards for an afternoon tea on Wednesday afternoon from 4.30 to 6.30 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Piper of 41 Grenville street will be at home on Wednesday evening next. Their evening will take the form of a *soiree musicale*, and contributions may be offered in aid of Grace Homeopathic Hospital.

Mr. A. D. McLean of the Merchants' Bank has been removed to Montreal.

Mr. and Mrs. S. F. McKinnon are en route for Cuba and Bermuda.

Rev. E. M. Bland of Christ Church Cathedral, Hamilton, and Mrs. Bland were for several days the guests of Mrs. Lillie of Sherbourne street. Mr. and Mrs. Bland returned home on Monday.

Mrs. Wilson is visiting her parents, Principal and Mrs. Caven.

Mr. James Denny of M. B. of C., Montreal, has been removed to Toronto.

Mr. Hume Browne is enjoying a visit to Florida.

The Rev. E. M. Bland preached at St. Mark's church on Friday evening of last week, and at Holy Trinity last Sunday.

A grand fancy fete will be given in St. George's Hall on the evenings of April 7 and 8 in aid of St. Stephen's church and schoolhouse. A number of prominent young people will take part. A novel and attractive programme will be given.

Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Smith are visiting in Cuba and Bermuda.

Mr. J. C. Morgan of Barrie was in town last week.

Sir Oliver Mowat was in Ottawa a few days ago.

The Rev. E. J. Feasenden, rector of Chippawa, delivered a course of five lectures in St. Mark's church, Parkdale, this week on the History of the Church of England from A. D. 160 to 1893.

Mr. John Strathy, manager of the Bank of Toronto, Barrie, was in town recently.

The monthly board meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary was held in St. George's schoolhouse last Thursday. A large number of members from the different city branches were present and were entertained to lunch by the members of St. George's W. A.

The third annual conversation of the Presbyterian Ladies' College took place on Friday evening of last week and was a most interesting and enjoyable affair. The handsome reception rooms of the college were crowded with guests, and the principal, Dr. McIntyre, and his bright and gracious lady had a very evening welcoming and looking after their numerous visitors. The evening was divided on the programme into three parts, music, dancing and refreshments, so that everyone had a share of each amusement. Miss Baker, Miss Wilson and Miss Edith J. Miller were most charming assistants to the principal in entertaining the visitors. Mrs. McIntyre was elegantly gowned in light silk with black lace; Miss Baker wore a pretty mauve silk waist with dark skirt; Miss Miller, a rich heliotrope evening gown with white lace berthe; Miss Wilson was very pretty and charming in black and pale blue. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Frank Yeigh, Mrs. Yeigh in white silk, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Croft, Mrs. Croft wearing a rich fawn and brown brocade, Mrs. Harry Corby of Belleville in black silk and jet, Fraulein Hoffman in a rich black gown with jetted Medici collar, Mrs. R. Wilkes and Miss Wilkes, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fisher, Mrs. Fisher in a lovely gown of yellow silk, Mrs. Alfred Denison, and hosts of others. The young ladies of the college were sweetly gowned and most bright and attentive to their guests. Several quiet card tables were arranged in upper rooms and refreshments were served in the dining-room, and Marcano's orchestra played for the dancers in the classrooms. Dr. and Mrs. McIntyre have the knack of making their friends feel happy and at home, and any reunion at the Presbyterian college is anticipated and enjoyed to the utmost.

The French Club met at Mrs. Wilkes' hospitable mansion, 118 Bloor street east, last Saturday evening. A very large number were present. Several friends of the club contributed vocal and instrumental *morceaux* of a high class. Miss Wilkes sang very sweetly, and her sister played a very *chic* banjo selection. Mr. J. Bayne Coulthard sang the Tempest of the Heart, and Lock, Lock Aho in very fine voice. Mr. Fairweather also sang charmingly. Mr. Mason created much interest by reading some dainty verses by M. Queneau, dedicated to the fair daughters of the house. Besides these contributions many interesting discussions and *à la belle langue*, took up the fleeting hours, a dainty supper was served and a most successful re-union was held.

Mrs. Warwick of Sunningholme gave a very large and beautiful children's party on Friday of last week. The lower floor of this charming residence was thrown open to the young folks, whose ages ranged from ten to fifteen years. The dancing of the pretty maids in their simple frocks and the natty young cavaliers in their Eton suits was by all remarked as excellent. Supper was served in the large rooms ordinarily occupied as nursery and bedroom by Mrs. Warwick's little ones. These rooms were sweetly decorated with crepe paper in delicate willow green, and the lights were veiled in carmine shades, making a most lovely effect. Mrs. Warwick was ably assisted by Miss D. as, while Mr. Strouther acted as master of ceremonies. They were all that is kind and

successful. Miss Dyas wore old rose china silk, which suited her to perfection; Mrs. Warwick wore shell-pink crepon with green trimmings, and the two small hostesses, Wynnie and Lillian, were sweetly and simply dressed in cream and blue *challie*. Among the grown-up guests who admired the pretty scene were: Mrs. Towers of St. Catharines, in black and white silk; Mrs. Williams of Oshawa, in flame-colored crepon; Mrs. Waddell of Hamilton, in black lace with heliotrope trimmings, Mrs. Howell, Mrs. Greene and several others.

The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick received a number of callers on Wednesday. Miss Kirkpatrick has returned from Kingston, and was, as she always is, charming and solicitous in seeing after the happiness of the guests. The Wednesday afternoon receptions have become a bright hour of the week, under the present gracious and tactful regime. A few of the callers were: Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt, Mr. Charles and Miss Walker, Mrs. J. D. Hay, Miss Heward, Mrs. Small, Miss M. Cartwright, Miss Homer Dixon, Miss K. Dixon, Miss Victoria Mason, Miss Mortimer Clark, Mrs. and Miss Wyatt, Mrs. Hume Browne, Miss Olliver, Miss Macbeth Milligan, Miss Crawford, Mrs. Beatty, Miss Hamilton, Col. and Mrs. Shaw, and Mr. George Evans.

Mrs. Kent of 110 St. George street gave a very enjoyable At Home on Thursday afternoon, March 2, from 4 to 7 o'clock, at which Mrs. C. E. Maddison, assisted by the following young ladies, Miss Watt, Miss M. Watt, Miss Morrison, Miss Birdie Kirk, Miss Armon, and Misses Edith and Lily Kent, dispensed refreshments. Among those present were: Mrs. R. I. Walker, Mrs. A. B. Walker, Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mrs. J. Jennings, Mrs. Young, Mrs. W. J. Mitchell, Mrs. J. F. Ackley, Miss McCormack, Mrs. J. W. Stockwell, Mrs. J. Bilton, Mrs. MacIntyre, Mrs. Warwick, Mrs. E. T. Downey, Mrs. W. G. Wallace, Mrs. E. T. Malone, Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Bugg, Miss Bugg, Mrs. and Miss Notman, Mrs. King, Mrs. Kirk, Mrs. Boxall, Miss Powell, Miss Boate, Mrs. P. L. Mason, Miss Mitchell, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. G. Gordon, Mrs. Blakie, Mrs. and Miss Greig, Mrs. W. H. Orr, Mrs. Langmuir, Mrs. J. B. Hall, Mrs. J. Mercer Adams, Mrs. Yeigh, Mrs. Frank Yeigh, Mrs. R. A. Donald, Mrs. McCausland, Mrs. and Miss Robinette, Mrs. W. Wilson, Mrs. W. D. Wilson, Mrs. Potts, Miss Briggs, Mrs. Wilkinson, Mrs. R. C. Hamilton, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. A. R. Thompson, Mrs. Ferguson, Mrs. J. Tait, Mrs. F. S. Taggart, Miss Taggart, Miss Moodie of Hamilton, Mrs. Pugsley, Miss McBurney of Simcoe, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. Bertram, Miss A. R. Clark, Mrs. J. J. Follett, Mrs. F. Wickson, Mrs. J. Wilson, Mrs. and Miss Roper, Mrs. E. K. Scoby, Mrs. A. F. Webster, Mrs. Mowat, Mrs. McKillop, Mrs. Davison, Mrs. W. Davidson, Miss Jacob, Mrs. J. Morrison, Mrs. and Miss Jaffray, Mrs. G. Booth, Mrs. Wm. Leak, Mrs. F. Booth, Mrs. MacLaren, Mrs. Armon, Mrs. and Miss McGee, Mrs. Forsyth, Mrs. S. B. Brush, Mrs. Ellis, Mrs. J. M. Clark, Miss Power, Miss McCracken, Mrs. T. Allison, Mrs. Walton, and Miss Walton. The young ladies who so ably assisted in the afternoon with some of their friends were afterwards entertained by Mrs. Kent.

Miss Band of Thorold has been the guest of Mrs. T. Merritt and Miss Spink for the past three weeks.

Mrs. Thos. Murray gave a party on Tuesday evening, March 7, in honor of her guest, Miss Band. A most delightful time was spent.

Mr. Boscovitz, the well known artist, whose delicate rendering of the most exigent composers has so often delighted a Toronto audience, gives a farewell piano recital in the theater of the Normal School on Thursday, March 23. Mr. Boscovitz leaves on April 1 for Chicago, where a splendid position has been offered him. Both Mr. and Mrs. Boscovitz will leave many regretful friends behind them in Toronto's musical and social circles.

A very stylish lot of people were en attendance at Mr. Kleiser's second Star Course entertainment. The Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Kirkpatrick occupied seats in the center of the Pavilion, and were accompanied by Mr. Arthur and Miss Kirkpatrick. The *châtelaine* of Government House looked very handsome in a faint tinted evening gown, and wore a roll of ribbon twisted in her hair. Miss Kirkpatrick was also very handsomely gowned. Miss Bickford was a perfect picture in a lovely white opera cloak with high collar softly bordered with feathers, and evoked a murmur of admiration as she passed up the aisle, accompanied by her fiancé. Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Lee, who brought a trio of sweet faces and pretty gowns, Mr. and Mrs. Gooderham of Waveney, Continued on Page Thirteen.



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The premises, S. W. Corner Yonge and Queen Streets, so well known to shoppers the wide Dominion over, are to be torn down on the opening of the early spring to permit of the erection of what will be the most Palatial General Dry Goods Store in the Dominion. The enormous growth of this store's business during the past few years has demanded this radical change. Within those walls is over half a million dollars worth of stock, and it is absolutely compulsory that this stock be sold. SHOPPERS PAID TO HELP IN THE REMOVAL. GOODS MARKED DOWN TO RIDICULOUS PRICES IN EVERY DEPARTMENT.

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Black French Gros Grains, 75c.
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Ladies' Heavy Seamless Hose, black Cashmere, 3 pairs for 60c.
Ladies' Black Cashmere Hose, fine and light, 3 pairs for 60c.
Fine Full-fashioned Hose, Cashmere, 3 pairs for 85c.
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Bedford Cords, 44-in., 40c.
Bedford Cords, 42-in., new Spring Shades, 40c.
44-in. All-wool Henrietta, black, 35c.
Estamine Serges, black, 42 in., 35c.
Brocade Satin Cloth, 40c.

PRINTS

Fast Colors, new goods, 5, 6c.
Fast Color Prints, fine, 7c.
Navy Prints, white spots and Stripes, 12c.
Mourning Dress Sateen, 12c.
Dress Gingham, 10c.

MUSLINS

Swiss Check, 7c, worth 10c.
42-in. Victoria Lawn, 10c.
42-in. Flouncing, 15, 17c.
Scotch Nainsook, 36-inch, 12c.
Satin Check Muslin, 8c.
Tucked Nainsook Flouncing, 17c.

BOOTS & SHOES

Ladies' Am. Kid, button, \$1.
Ladies' Dongola, button, \$1 15.
Ladies' Glazed Kid, opera toe, \$2.
Ladies' Am. Kid Slippers, 75c.
Ladies' Am. Kid Oxford, 75c.
Men's Solid Leather, \$1.
Men's Whole Fox, sewed, \$1 25.
Men's Hand-sewed Wauken-phasts, \$2.
Men's Piccadilly Bala., \$2 50.
Youths' School Boots, solid leather, 75c.
Girls' Oil Pebble, button, 75c.

COTTONS

Fancy Cottons, 4c.
White Cottons, 5c.
Pillow Cottons, 42 in., 8c.
Unbleached Sheetings, 17c.
Bleached Sheetings, 20c.
40 in. Pillow Cotton, extra, 15c.

LINENS

Bleached Table Linens, 30c.
Unbleached Table Linens, 25c.
Butchers' Linen, 16, 17c.
Table Napkins, 5-8, 65c doz.
Brown Holland, 10c.
Glass Linen, 5, 6c.

Flannels and Flannelettes

Flannelettes, special, 5, 8, 10, 12c.
Gingham Shirtings, fast colors, 5c.
Scarlet Saxony Flannel, 10c.
36 inch Gingham, fast colors, very special, 10c.
Denim, blue and brown, 10c.

GLOVES

Ladies' Kid Glove, 4-button, colored, large sizes, 25c.
Kid, 4 lock fastening, all sizes, 50c.
Special line 7-hook Lacing Glove, kid, 90c.
Cashmere Gloves, 10, 15c.
New Stocks, sale prices.

Carpets and House-Furnishings.

Standard Five-Framed Brussels, pick of the stock, \$1 yard.
Fine Brussels, newest designs, 70, 80, 85, 90c.
Tapestry Carpets, 20, 25, 30, 40c, were 50c; 49c, were 60c.
All-wool Carpets, Best made, 85c.
Oilcloths, 20, 30, 40c. Best Linoleum.
Great Sacrifices in Lace Curtains \$3 75, were \$6.

MANTLES

Ladies' Short Jackets, 50c, 75c, \$1, \$1 50.
Line of Ulsters at \$2 50 each.
Choice of 40 Dolmans \$2 50.
Choice of 29 different patterns in Waterproofs, \$1.

BOYS' CLOTHING

Prices are startling.
Good Suit for \$1 50, \$1 75.
Fine 3-Piece Suits, \$2 50, \$3.
Overcoats at ridiculous prices.
Our Clothing is in Fine Tweeds, Serges and Diagonals.

THIS GREAT SALE COMMENCES MONDAY, MARCH 6, AT 10 A. M.

Space has only permitted giving a few lines in detail. We repeat, everything is marked down. Hundreds of lines not mentioned—Tinware, Granite Ware, Books, Soaps, Clocks, Fancy Goods. Go anywhere in the House. Prices will not stand in the way. Heavy purchases of New Spring Goods were made before the building programme was planned. They are now arriving. But everything will go at Sale Price. OUR MAIL-ORDER SYSTEM enables the most distant out-of-town shopper to take advantage of sale price. Goods despatched the same day order is received.

S. W. Corner Yonge and
Queen Street

R. SIMPSON

TORONTO, CAN.
ENTRANCES-174, 176, 178 YONGE STREET
1 and 3 QUEEN STREET WEST

Out of Town.

Morrisburg.

FOR THE last month or six weeks the usual calm serenity of Morrisburg society has been ruffled by a constant succession of parties, snow-shoe tramps, sleighing festivities, five o'clock teas, skating parties and assemblies. Needless to say, this unusual excitement has been gladly welcomed by the younger members of Morrisburg's "Four Hundred," who proudly boast of their own "Ward McAllister."

This round of gaiety was introduced by a most charming sleighing party, given by Mr. G. George Rose, Civil Engineer, who was a bright light in Kingston society when attending the Royal Military College there. This sleighing party, amid blowing of horns and sparkling laughter from fair maidens, reached Iroquois in time to hear the Indian poetess, Pauline Johnson, recite some of her beautiful poems. After the concert, refreshments having been taken, this merry party returned home after a most enjoyable evening, all voting mine host "a right jolly good fellow." The party consisted of Misses Chalmers, Barrie, Edith Kerr, and Mabel Kerr, and Messrs. Macbeth, Boulton, Monk, of the Molson's Bank, Rose and Bradfield. They had a most charming chaperone in the person of Mrs. Herbert Bradfield. All regretted the absence of Miss Ida Merkle, who was visiting in Cornwall.

The next affair of interest was an assembly given in the Music Hall, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. The opening dance commenced at half-past eight, and at three o'clock the delighted but weary dancers silently stole away. Among those present I noticed: Misses Barrie, Chalmers, McMartin, Ida Merkle, Lillie Merkle, Myers, Edith Kerr, Mabel Kerr, May Merkle, Lou Merkle, Gormley, Ida Poupere, Gertrude Poupere, Mabel Poupere, and Nellie Ross of Cornwall, Mrs. H. Bradfield, Mrs. A. Sherman, and Mrs. Connolly, and Messrs. Macbeth, Snell, Rose, Boulton, Monk, Barry, Chalmers, Gormley, Myers, Casselman, Craspey, Merkle, Millar, Lyle, Dr. McLaughlin and many others.

A charming snow-shoe tramp was given a few evenings ago by Miss Ida Merkle of Maple avenue. After tramping a couple of hours the wanderers returned to a sumptuous supper and spent the remainder of the evening in dancing. Among those present were: Misses Edith Kerr, Mabel Kerr, Bradfield, Barrie, and McMartin, and Messrs. Boulton, Snell, Macbeth, Monk and Rose.

of the lords of creation were there, and the tongues of the merry damsels waxed eloquent. Laughter and conversation were the order of the day, and after most dainty refreshments had been served the pleasant affair came to an end. Those invited were: Misses Merkle, Mabel Kerr, Edith Kerr, Hensley, Chalmers and Barrie.

Several small but enjoyable evenings were given by Miss Barrie, Mrs. Herbert Bradfield, Miss Farlinger and others.

Miss McMartin gave a most enjoyable affair in honor of Miss Mabel Kerr. It was, although small in number, one of the most enjoyable events of the winter. Among those invited were: Misses Mabel Kerr, Edith Kerr, Bradfield, Barrie, and Mrs. Gordon Munroe, and Messrs. Rose, Boulton, Snell, Macbeth, Monk, and A. Gordon Munroe.

Miss Mabel Kerr, daughter of Mr. Wm. Kerr, Q. C., LL. D., of Cobourg, who has been visiting in Morrisburg for the last month, left for home on Tuesday last. Miss Kerr, who was universally popular, will be greatly missed by her many friends and admirers.

The all-absorbing question in Morrisburg society now is the evening Easter Ball. The affair has been taken in hand by Mr. W. J. Poupere, ex-M. P. P., Mr. L. W. Howard, manager of the Molson's Bank, the staff, and Messrs. Rose, Kennedy and Merkle. It promises to be one of the most brilliant affairs ever given in Morrisburg. Contrary to previous affairs, it is to be a subscription ball, five dollars a ticket. The young ladies are discussing the ever important subject of dress, while the young men are wondering what fair damsels from a distance will be here. Many distinguished guests are expected from Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, Brockville, Cornwall, among others Mr. Tallon, Premier of Quebec.

Mrs. Herchimer, widow of the late Col. Herchimer, who with her two daughters has been spending the winter with her mother, Mrs. I. N. Rose of Rosedale, will soon return to her home in Calgary, much to the regret of her many friends who will miss the presence of this charming and intellectual woman.

I nearly forgot to tell you of the pleasant way Miss Poupere entertained a few friends. Her reputation as a charming hostess is well known here, and in the present instance was fully sustained. In the little *billet doux*, which we were all so surprised and pleased to receive, she announced that she would like to have us for an hour or two sleigh driving. Needless to say, all were delighted to accept; and after driving for an hour or two we returned to her home, where all did ample justice to a sumptuous supper. The usual handsome men and charming girls were present.

The previous drives proved so pleasant that when it was rumored around that the Molson's Bank staff were to give one to Iroquois it caused all the fair hearts to flutter until they heard that the drawing card, in the personage of Mr. G. George Rose, who was attending the cadets' dinner in Montreal, was to be absent; however,

there were arm-ies of inducements offered by the remaining heart-breakers, which caused the young ladies to change their minds, and even with such a drawback the drive was pronounced a large success. Those invited were: Misses Killaby, Ida Merkle, McMartin, Edith Kerr, and Mabel Kerr, and Messrs. Macbeth, Killaby, Boulton, and Monk. Madame Gordon Munroe as the charming chaperone was all that could be desired. Dancing was indulged in until supper was served, after which the young people returned home in the wee sma' hours of the morning.

The last social event, but by no means least interesting, was a snow-shoe tramp on Friday evening of last week, after which the Molson's Bank staff gave a most enjoyable supper at Hepburn's restaurant. Those present were: Misses Barrie, McMartin, Bradfield, and Ida Merkle, and Messrs. Macbeth, Boulton, Monk, and Rose.

London.

The Preston Club ball at the City Hall, on March 3, was one of the most brilliant in the long series that has become so celebrated in the city of London. The City Hall was thronged with a splendidly arrayed company that taxed its capacity to the utmost, and at times made even ordinary locomotion on the dancing floor a matter of some difficulty and rendered indulgence in terpsichorean delights an affair that required high skill to make it successful. The ball maintained, as usual, too, the high reputation that it has won for the femininity that has graced it. Indeed, at no ball given this winter was there a greater number of charming and handsome women to be seen, and the show of dresses was superb. The frame was made quite worthy of the picture, for the decorations were on the most elaborate scale. The Council Chamber was set with a tropical scene and arranged with blooming plants. The two great crystal chandeliers were pendant over the dancing floor and made the ball-room as bright as day. Supper was served in the Council Chamber from 12 till 1 30, all expressing themselves as well pleased with the refreshments, and the executive committee deserve great credit for the able manner in which they handled the affairs of the club, and thanks are due to the following gentlemen: Dr. J. D. Balfour, president; Mr. Walter Simson, vice-president; Mr. N. L. Fitzgerald, treasurer; Mr. W. White, honorary-secretary, and Messrs. James H. Ferguson, John E. Bell, Dr. A. T. Hobbs, W. H. Morgan, Wm. Spittal, Richard R. Bland, and A. R. Kingsmill. The fortunate ones to receive invitations in the surrounding towns were the following: Mr. W. C. Harris of Delaware, Miss Edie MacEachron, Dr. M. J. Glass of Poplar Hill, Miss Ada Hutton of St. Marys, Mr. Fred Genge of Spokane Falls, W. T. Miss M. Heyd and Mr. J. Watt of Brantford, Miss Maud Ferguson of Birr, Mr. F. Herne of Simcoe, Miss A. MacNeill of Lansing, Mich., Mr. George Bains, Miss Neild, and Messrs. R. R.

Neild, R. Cassells and A. E. Patten of Stratford; Messrs. L. J. Miller, F. White, F. W. C. Stirling, R. A. McKay, P. McLeod, Jas. McGachie, W. J. Wilson, D. S. McLeod, J. Geary, Miss Annie Forbes, Miss White, Miss Jennie White, Lida Miller, Madge McLeod, P. Johnson, and the Misses Richards of Woodstock; Mr. W. R. Hickey of Bothwell, Mr. F. R. Foster of Tilsonburg, Miss Jennie Corey, Miss McCort, Miss Maud McCort, and Messrs. S. Noble, J. Wolfe, Bloss Van Tuyle, Bloss Corey, H. Simpson, A. E. Shannessy, Geo. McDonald, J. H. McBrien, F. G. Savage, E. Griffith, Frank Smiley of Petrolia, Mr. Vanatter of La Salle, N.Y., Miss Edith Ripin, Miss Tackabury, Mr. and Mrs. C. Moore, and the Misses Moons of Chatham, Mr. A. Bowiby, Mr. R. Bowiby, Mr. H. A. Horning, and Miss Birdie Foster of Waterford, Miss E. McDonald of Thamesford, Miss Bickwith, Miss F. Cook, Mr. Geo. S. Balmer of Detroit, Mich., Messrs. A. E. Saunders, A. J. Patterson, D. C. McGibbin, W. Farr, and Miss Lucie Robertson of Sarnia, Mrs. K. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Miller, Mr. Becknell, Mr. Fred Robinson of Cleveland, Ohio, Mr. P. Weisbrod, Miss May Weisbrod, and Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Fear of Aylmer, Messrs. J. D. Livingston, and G. A. Walters, of Forrest; Mr. and Mrs. J. Brooks, Miss Evelyn A. Brooks, Miss Janet Robertson, Miss Cameron, Miss Sadie, Cameron, Mr. J. K. Tobin of Chicago, Messrs. W. H. Stipier, J. Meekison, R. Pincomb, L. M. DeGex, Col. Irvine, N. S. Rapley, E. Pearce, J. Newton, the Misses Gordon, Misses H. Rapley, J. McBeth, S. Hughes, S. Meekison of Strathroy; Messrs. Wm. White, A. H. Fowd, V. Chadwick, S. R. Higgins, J. G. Galbraith, W. C. Meredith, Harley Scott, Harry Jewell, Fred Whatmough, A. O. Hurst, J. H. Flock and Miss Louise Caulfield of Toronto; Mr. Fred Guest of Shedden; Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Houghton, Miss Lizkie McCort of Titusville, Penn.; Messrs. W. Burke, Charles McKay, J. J. Harrison, Miss Kendall, Miss Jennie Kendall of Buffalo; Mr. W. Vandstone of Wingham; Mr. Charles Love, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Heglar, Miss Ferguson of Ingersoll; Miss Smith and Miss Clara Slack of Goderich; Miss Lily Curran and Miss Kit Brownell of Rochester; Mr. George H. Young of Philadelphia; Miss Yates, Miss Minnie Yates, Miss Margie Yates of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Miss Broderick, Miss H. Broderick, Miss Zealand, Miss Ida Zealand, Misses E. Kipp, T. Murch, M. McLarty, E. Fitzsimmons, A. Fitzsimmons, M. Stewart, J. Belcher, C. Carpenter, J. Kent, Kate Ross, Aggie Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Miller, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Fulton, Messrs. Ben Drake, S. Carpenter, Dr. Mason, Frank Reynolds, H. McConnell, O. W. Smith, A. Grant, E. S. Brown, W. J. McCance, J. Belcher, A. O. Woodward, and A. Campbell of St. Thomas.

Belleville.

On Friday evening of last week the merry jingle of the bells was heard from eight until

ten, as load after load of stately matrons, beautiful girls and gallant escorts drove up the grand driveway leading to the delightful old homestead of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Ketcheson of Wallbridge. Some sixty guests responded to Mr. and Mrs. Ketcheson's invitation, and right royally were they entertained until the wee sma' hours. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Hall, Mr. Charles Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Bailey of Georgetown, Miss Davis, Mrs. and Miss Caverly, Mr. and Mrs. Sharp, Miss Bonistead of Qu'Appelle, Mr. and Mrs. Demorest, Mr. and Mrs. Trainor, Mr. and Mrs. Shorey, Mr. and Mrs. Redick, Mr. and Mrs. Roan, and Mr. and Mrs. Kehoe.

Mrs. Williams of Charles street gave a delightful reception on Thursday evening of last week, in honor of her niece, Miss May Milne, who is one of Stirling's most beautiful belles.

One of the most elegant at home of the season was that given on Tuesday afternoon by Mrs. George Hope of Church street, to one hundred of her friends. Mrs. Hope was assisted in receiving her guests by Miss Aileen Hulme, who was charmingly attired in a gown of yellow Bedford cord, trimmed with lace and chrysanthemums.

The Misses Wilson of John street entertained the Young Ladies' Club on Thursday evening of last week. Pedro was the amusement until ten o'clock, when a *recherche* collation was served, after which music and dancing was enjoyed until twelve. Those present were: Miss Elliott, the Misses Pierson, Misses Annie and Clara Wallbridge, Miss McLean, Miss Dary, Miss Starling, and Messrs. Roberts, Mussion, Thomas, Dr. McColl and Mayor Wallbridge.

Miss Mabel Filster, who spent the season in town, the guest of Mr. Holden of Hotel street, has returned to Montreal.

Miss Ida Starling will entertain the Pedro Club on Thursday evening.

Rumor has it that our bachelors will give their annual ball at the close of the Lenten season.

Walkerton.

Mrs. J. S. Tolton of Brackley Lodge gave a most charming At Home on Tuesday last. The rooms were beautifully decorated with flowers. The table decorations were yellow and white, a handsome banquet lamp forming the centerpiece. The gracious hostess received in a handsome black and gold gown, and was assisted by her daughter, who wore a pretty gown of fawn and pink. The invited guests were: Miss Shaw, Miss Brown, Miss Sutton, Miss Barrett, Miss Sinclair, Miss Landerkin of Hanover, Miss Clark of Cargill, Miss Wilks, the Misses Crawford, Miss Hughes, the Misses Truax, Miss Klein, Miss Whitehead, Miss Nichols, Miss Haylyn of Woodstock, the Misses McLean, Miss Robertson, Miss Todd, the Misses Astley, Miss Traill, Miss Roether, Miss Collins, Miss Bruce, Miss Rogerson, Miss Sinclair of Southampton, Miss Muir of Port Elgin, Miss Bush, Miss Stead and Miss Fox.

GUEST.

All Along the River

By MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Venetians, or All in Honor," "Aurora Floyd," "The Cloven Foot," "Dead Men's Shoes," "Just As I Am," "Taken at the Flood," "Phantom Fortune," "Like and Unlike," "Weavers and Weft," Etc., Etc.

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CHAPTER VIII.

MY FROLIC FALCON WITH BRIGHT EYES.

Everybody in Trelasco and in the neighborhood seemed glad to see Colonel Disney again. All the best people within driving distance came bearing down upon the Angler's Nest during the week that followed his return, and there were cosy little afternoon tea drinkings in the drawing-room, or on the lawn, and Isola had her hands full in receiving her visitors. Everybody congratulated her upon having her hero back from the wars.

"You ought to be very proud of your husband, Mrs. Disney," said Vanstittart Crowther, with his air of taking all the world under his protection.

"I have always been proud of him," Isola answered gently. "I was proud of him before the Burmese war."

"Your poor wife has been looking very unhappy for the last few months," Mrs. Crowther said to the Colonel, with a motherly look at Isola. "I really had a good mind to write to you and beg you to hurry home, if you didn't want to find the poor thing far gone in a decline when you came back."

"My dear Mrs. Crowther, what nonsense," cried Isola, growing crimson at this motherly officiousness. "I have never been out of health, or in the least likely to go into a decline. One cannot always look like a dairy-maid."

"My dear, there's no use talking, you looked very bad. Had one of my girls looked as ill, I should have taken her off to Buxton to drink the waters, without an hour's delay."

The visit of the Crowthers seemed longer than any of the afternoon calls to Isola. The Crowthers, husband and wife, and elder daughter, had an inquisitorial air, Isola fancied—an air of scrutinizing her house, and herself, and her surroundings—which was intolerable to her, although on Mrs. Crowther's part she knew the scrutiny was made in the utmost benevolence, and the officiousness was the outcome of a nature overflowing with the milk of human kindness.

"I wish you had written to me, Mrs. Crowther," said Disney. "I couldn't have come home any sooner, but I could have telegraphed to my sister to look after my wife and cheer her solitude. I was a fool not to have had her here all along."

"Haden't I better go out of the room while you are holding your consultation about me?" exclaimed Isola fretfully. "It's rather hard upon the patient to hear her case discussed in cold blood. I am tired of declaring that I have not been ill, and that it is my misfortune and not my fault to have a pale complexion."

"You were not always so pallid, my dear," said Mrs. Crowther persistently. "You were one of the beauties of the Hunt Ball, and you had color enough that night."

Dr. and Mrs. Baynham came the following afternoon, and these two told the same story, though with less obtrusive concern.

"I looked after the young lady now and then," said the worthy doctor, "and as I found there was nothing radically wrong I didn't worry you with any low-spirited reports; but I expect to see her pick up wonderfully now you have come home. She didn't take enough outdoor exercise, that's where the harm was. She used to be so fond of her boat last year, but this year I fancy she didn't feel herself up to handling the sculls. You didn't now, did you, Mrs. Disney?"

"I don't know about that, but I am ready to row to the Land's End, now Martin is back," said Isola, and those few words to Martin Disney seemed the sweetest he had heard since Colonel Manwaring's daughter promised to be his wife.

Mrs. Baynham sat on the lawn, sipping her tea and basking in the afternoon sunshine.

"You should have seen your wife in her wedding gown at the Lastwithiel dance," she said. "You would have been proud of her. She didn't want to go—refused Mrs. Crowther and me again and again. She thought it wasn't right to be at any merry-making while your life was in danger."

"Yes, I know, I know. My tender-hearted Isola."

"But at last we got the better of her objections; and though there were a good many pretty women there, and though Miss Crowther perhaps pleased most tastes, being a more showy style of beauty, to my thinking there wasn't one came up to Mrs. Disney."

"Her partners seemed of the same opinion," put in the doctor cheerily. "Why, how often did Lord Lastwithiel dance with you, Mrs. Disney? Oftener than with anybody else I'll be bound."

Mrs. Baynham nodded approvingly.

"I was very proud of my party that evening. I can tell you, Colonel Disney," she said. "It isn't often that one has to chaperone three attractive young women. Do you know that my youngest niece, Maria, has had two offers since that night, Isola, and when I last heard of her she was on the brink of an engagement. Ah, well, I hope we shall have another ball next December, now that the neighborhood has begun to wake up a bit. We have been thinking of getting up a water picnic this summer—just a little excursion to Mervagiesey, and a little fishing for those who might care for it."

"Very pleasant, indeed, of you," answered the Colonel cheerily. "We will be there."

"The Crowthers are rather grand in their ideas," said the doctor, "but Alicia is very keen upon all kinds of sport, so I know she'll want to come, whatever Belinda may have to say to it."

Mrs. Baynham made a wry face at the name of the elder sister. It was an involuntary and unconscious contortion, but Belinda had tried to snub Mrs. Baynham, who could never forget that her father was a banker at Truro, and held the fortunes—the mortgages and encumbrances

of the landed gentry—as it were, in the hollow of his hand.

"You don't like the elder Miss Crowther?" speculated the Colonel.

"Well, if I am to be candid I must confess that I have a positive aversion to that lady. The airs she gives herself on the strength of her father's wealth are really insupportable, and since Lord Lastwithiel disappointed her she has been more odious than she was before."

"What do you mean by Lastwithiel disappointing her? Did he jilt her?"

"Well, it could scarcely be called jilting, and I really don't know that there was anything between them; but people had coupled their names—and he dined at Glenaveril at least once a week all the time he was at the Mount—and people had quite made up their minds it was to be a match. Mr. Crowther went about talking of Lord Lastwithiel and his affairs as if he was his father-in-law—the neglected condition of the land and what ought to be done at the Mount, and that the estate wanted judicious nursing, and all that sort of thing. And then, one December morning his lordship sailed off in his yacht before it was light, and there was no more heard of him. It was quite in his way to go off suddenly like that, but the Crowthers were evidently taken by surprise, and we heard no more about Lord Lastwithiel and the Mount."

"They dropped him like a hot potato," said the doctor. "Well, we shall depend upon you both for our water party. It will not be till the middle of July, when an old chum of mine, a naval man, will be coming this way."

This was a sample of many such visits. In the country, and even in London upon occasion, people are given to discussing the same subjects. Martin Disney heard a good deal about the Crowthers and their supposed disappointment. People liked Mrs. Crowther for her simple, unaffected ways and through-going kindness; but Vanstittart and his daughters had made a good many enemies. He was too coarse; they were too fine; only the mother's simple nature had caught the golden mean between blatant vulgarity and artificial smartness.

Colonel Disney heard all this village gossip with an unheeding ear. He was secure in his own position as a son of the soil, a man whose pedigree could pass muster with that of the Rashleighs and the Treffrys, a man of means that were ample for his own unpretending tastes and requirements. He cared not a jot how many guineas a year the Crowthers might give to their cook, or how much Mr. Crowther had paid for the furnishing and decoration of his house, a theme upon which the gossips of the neighborhood loved to enlarge. That Mrs. Crowther had gowns from Worth and that her daughters employed Kate Riley trinked not this simple soldier. The only point in all the stream of talk that had affected him was the unanimous opinion that Trelasco in the spring had been too relaxing for Mrs. Disney, or else that her solitude had preyed upon her mind, inasmuch as she had looked so ill as to afford an interesting subject of conversation to a good many friendly people who suffered from the chronic malady of not having enough to talk about, which is a kind of starvation almost as bad as not having enough to eat.

The Colonel listened, and formed his own conclusions. He did not believe that Trelasco was "relaxing." He loved the district too well to believe any evil thing about it. Those fresh breezes that blew up from the sea, those balmy airs that breathed across the heather-clad hills, must bring health with them. What could one have better than that mingling of sea and hill, brine and honey, gorse-bloom and sea-weed? No, Trelasco was not to blame. His young wife had suffered for lack of youthful company. He made up his mind accordingly.

"I suppose you won't object to our having Allegra here for a summer visit, will you, love?" he asked at breakfast the day after Mrs. Baynham's call. "London must be hot, and dusty, and dreary in July, and she must want rest and country air, I fancy, after having worked so hard in her art school."

Isola gave a scarcely perceptible sigh as she bent to caress Tim, a privileged attendant of the breakfast table.

"Object! Of course not, Martin. I shall be pleased for your sister to come here."

"I feel very sure you will be pleased with her when you and she get upon intimate terms. You could know so little of her from that one evening in the Cavendish Road."

The occasion in question was an evening in which Isola and her husband had been bidden to a friendly dinner, on their way through London, by a clergyman's widow with whom Allegra lived while she pursued her study of art at a famous school in St. John's Wood. The clergyman's widow, Mrs. Meynell, was a distant cousin of the Disneys, and Allegra's home had been with her from the time she left school. The extent of her wanderings after she was old enough to be sent to a boarding-school had been from Falmouth to Kensington, and from Kensington to St. John's Wood, with holidays in the Isle of Thanet.

"I thought she was very fresh and bright and loving," answered Isola, "and I could see even in that one evening that she was very fond of you."

"Yes, God bless you, there is no doubt about that. I have been brother and father too for her. She has had no one but me since our mother's death."

"Shall I write and ask her to come to us, Martin, or will you?"

"I fancy she would take it more as a compliment if the invitation went straight from you. She would know that I would be glad to have her, but she might feel a little doubtful about you."

"Then I'll write to her to-day, Martin, and beg her to come at once—as soon as ever she can pack her boxes."

"That's my darling. I hope she won't bore you when she is here. I have a shrewd idea she'll make your life happier. She'll awaken you from that languor which has grown upon you in your loneliness."

"At least I'll try to make her happy, Martin, if it is only for your sake."

"Ah, and you will soon love her for her own sake."

"I'll get the boat looked to at once, and I'll see about making the spare room pretty for her," said Isola.

A week later Allegra was with them, breakfasting on the lawn in the balmy atmosphere of July. There were two girls in white gowns, under the tulip tree, instead of one; and Martin Disney felt as if his domestic happiness were doubled as he looked at those two gracious figures in the flickering light beneath that canopy of broad, bright leaves. Another element of comfort, too, had entered the Angler's Nest; for the incompetent cook had taken her incompetency and a month's wages to her native city of Truro; and a buxom damsel from Falmouth, recommended by Tabitha, had already proved herself a treasure in the culinary line.

Never was there a fairer picture than that domestic group under the noble old tulip tree. The two girlish figures in white muslin with palest salmon and palest azure ribbons fluttering and glancing in the light and deepening in the shadow; the white fox terrier, alert, muscular, mercurial; the tortoise-shell cat, long-haired, aristocratic and demure; the pretty Moorish plateau on bamboo legs, the purple and crimson breakfast service and rare old silver urn, the fruit and flowers and ambered butter, and rustic luxury of preserved fruit and clotted cream.

"How lovely it all is after Cavendish Road," cried Allegra rapturously. "When I see the lights and shadows upon those hills I despair of ever being able to paint a landscape as long as I live. Nature is maddeningly beautiful."

"What is your particular line, Allegra?" asked her brother.

"No; I only care for landscape as a background for humanity. I want to paint genre pictures in water-colors—women and children—beautiful women amidst beautiful surroundings—picturesque poverty—interesting bits of daily life. Mrs. Allingham is the ideal after which I strive, but I am only at the bottom of the ladder. It is a long climb to the top; but one does not mind that in a profession where every step is full of delight."

"You are fond of art, then?" said Isola, watching the animated face of the speaker.

"Fond of it! Why, I live for it! The dream of my life from the time I was seven years old has been one long dream of the bliss that was to be mine when I could feel myself verily able to paint. I have toiled with all my might. Martin disliked the idea of my being an Academy student—poor, foolish, ignorant Martin—so I have been obliged to plod on at St. John's Wood, without hope of prizes or medals; but on the whole I have been very lucky, for I have made friends among the academicians—they are so kind to any student who seems in right down earnest—and they have been ever so good to me. I hope, Martin, you will find some day that I am something better than an amateur," she concluded, resting her two hands carelessly upon her brother's shoulder.

"My dearest, I have not the least doubt you will astonish me. I am very ignorant of everything connected with art. I set my face against the Academy because I thought the training and the life would be too public for my sister."

"As if Burlington House were any more public than that big school at St. John's Wood, my dear, illogical brother; and yet we women are the only people who are told we have no logic."

She leant back in her basket chair, reveling in the rural atmosphere, and in that new sense of being in the bosom of her family. Tim leapt upon her lap and licked her face in token of his acceptance of her into the home circle. Nobody had ever called Miss Leland a beauty, nor had she ever received those disquieting attentions which follow the footsteps of exceptional loveliness. She was sometimes described as a girl who grew upon one, and people who knew her well generally ended by thinking her distractingly pretty. She had a brilliant complexion, of the true English type, fair and blooming—a complexion which indicated perfect health and an active, orderly life; no late hours or novel-reading over the fire—an outdoor complexion, which would have looked its best under a neat little felt hat in the hunting-field, or under a coquettish straw sailor hat on board a yacht. Her eyes were blue-gray, with long, brown lashes and boldly marked eyebrows; her nose was firmly modeled, inclining a little to the aquiline. Her mouth was the prettiest feature in her face, and yet it was a shade larger than accepted perfection in mouths. It was a mouth chiefly remarkable for character and expression, and indeed, it was the variety of expression in the fair young face which constituted Miss Leland's chief claim to distinction.

She started up from the nest of basket-work and flowered chintz, and stood tall and erect, a Juno-like young woman, with heavy plaits of reddish-brown hair rolled in a great knot at the back of her head. She might have answered one of those harsh advertisements for parlour-maids, in which the words "No fringe," figure with curt cruelty; for her hair was brushed smoothly back from the broad, fair forehead, and the severity of the style became that bright yet sagacious brow. It was just the kind of forehead which can endure exposure without conveying an idea of bald ugliness.

She was tall and strongly made, fashioned after the semblance of a Diana or Atalanta rather than Venus or Psyche. Her every movement had the bold, free grace of vigorous, unspoiled youth. She had always been active—fond of walking, riding, rowing, and swimming, as well as of art, and with an ardent passion for the country, which had made existence in a London suburb one long sacrifice.

"I used to take the train for Hampstead, Heath or Willesden," she told her brother, "and go off for long, lonely tramps to Finchley or Hendon. I have watched the builders' advances along roads and lanes I loved. I have seen horrid brick boxes creeping along like some new kind of noxious insect, eating up fields

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and hedge-rows, old hawthorn and old hollies. I could have sat down in the muddy road and cried sometimes, at the thought that soon there would be no country walk left within reach of a Londoner. Once I went off to the north-east, to look for the country lanes Charles Lamb and his sister loved—the lanes and meadows where they carried their little picnic basket, till they took shelter at a homely roadside inn. Oh, Martin, all those fields and lanes, Charles Lamb's country—are going, going, or gone. It is heartbreaking! And they are building at Fowey, too, I see. Positively there will be no country anywhere soon. There will be crescents and terraces and little ugly streets at the very Land's End, and the Logan Rock will be the sign of a public house."

"Don't be downhearted, Chatterbox; I think Cornwall may last our time," said Disney, laughing at her vehemence.

Allegra was a great talker. It seemed as if she had a well-spring of joy and life within her which must find an outlet. When people ventured to hit at her loquacity she declared that it was her name that was in fault.

"I have grown up to match my name," she said. "If I had been christened Penserosa I might have been quite a different person."

Her vivacity gave a new element of brightness to the Angler's Nest, where Disney had been somewhat oppressed by the sensation of intense repose which had pervaded his *l'ete a l'ete* life with Isola. He loved his wife so entirely, so unselfishly and devotedly, that it was happiness to him to be with her; yet in the three or four weeks that had gone by since his return he had struggled in vain against the feeling that there was something wanting in his home. Isola waited upon him and deferred to him with more than wifely submissiveness. He would have liked a spurt of rebellion once in a while, a little burst of girlish temper, just to show that she was human; but none ever came. His every desire was anticipated. Whatever plan he suggested—to walk, to drive, to visit, or not to visit—the river or the sea—was always the plan that pleased her best; or at least she said so.

"I think I shall call you Griselda instead of Isola," he said one day, taking the fair pale face between his hands and gazing into the mournful depths of the dark violet eyes—inscrutable they seemed to him, when the pupils dilated under his searching gaze, as if the eyes made a darkness to hide their meaning.

"Why?" she asked.

A flood of crimson passed over her face like a fire and left her paler than before.

"Because you are only too dutiful. Would you resist if I were to turn tyrant, I wonder?"

"I have no fear of your turning tyrant," she answered with a sad little smile; "you are only too good to me."

"Good! There can be no question of goodness. If a man picked up a diamond as precious as the Kohinoor, would he be good to it? How can I be good to my gem? I have but one thing left in the world to desire or pray for."

"What is that, Martin?"

"To see you happy."

Again the sudden flame crimsoned her face, that sensitive, spiritual face, which reflected every change of feeling.

"I am happy, Martin, quite happy, happier than I ever thought to be, now that you are home again. What have I more to desire?"

"Is that really so? Was my long absence your greatest trouble?"

"Yes," she answered slowly, looking at him with a curiously steady look, "that was the beginning and end of my trouble."

"Thank God," he said, drawing a deep breath. "There have been moments—just of late—when I have puzzled and puzzled my brains about you—until I thought—very slowly, 'that there might have been something else.'"

He clasped her in his arms and hid her face upon his breast, as if—fearing that he might have wounded her by those last words—he wanted to heal the wound before she had time to feel his unkindness. His tenderness for her had so much of that pitying love which a strong man feels for a child.

This conversation occurred the day before Allegra's arrival; but with that young lady's appearance on the scene new life and gladness came into the little household. Allegra sang, Allegra played, Allegra ran out into the garden twenty times a day, and called through the open window to Isola, sitting quietly in the drawing-room, to come out and look at this or that—a rose finer than all other roses—a suggested alteration—an atmospheric effect—anything and everything. She was a keen observer of nature, full of vivid interest in every creature that lived, and in every flower that grew. Tim followed her everywhere as she danced along the gravel walks, or across

the short, springy turf. Tim adored her, and grinned at her, and threw himself into all manner of wriggling attitudes upon the grass to express his delight in her company, and fawned at her feet, and talked to her after his guttural fashion, snorting his friendly feelings. Tim had long languished for such a companion, having found his young mistress's society very heavy of late. No more runs in the meadow, no more rambles in the neighboring spinney, and very little boating. But now that Allegra had come the skiff was seldom idle. Isola had to go on the river whether she liked or not. There were young arms ready to pull her—round young arms of a lovely rosy fairness, which looked their best stretched to the motion of the sculls, with the white cambric shirt rolled up above the elbow.

"You can read Shelley while I scull the boat," said Allegra. "I don't want any help. If you knew what rapture it is to me to feel the breath of Seagods and Tritons and their kind after St. John's Wood, and the smoke from the Metropolitan Railway, you wouldn't pity me."

Isola submitted, and sat at her ease upon bright-colored cushions, with an Indian rug spread round her, as idle as if she had been the belle of a Zenana, and read Alastor while the boat sped seaward in the sunshine.

Sometimes they moored their boat at the landing-stage at Polruan, and walked up the hill to the point, and sat there for an hour or two in the summer wind with their books and picnic basket, seeing great ships go out towards the Lizard and the big distant world, or sail merrily homeward towards Plymouth and the Start. Isola looked at those outward-bound ships with a strange longing in her eyes—a longing to flee away upon those outspread wings gleaming whitely

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in the sunlit distance. Were people happy on board those ships, she wondered, happy at escaping from the fetters of an old life and a beaten path; happy going away to strange lands and freedom? She had been reading many books of travel of late, and a kind of passion for uncivilized, far-away lands had come upon her; as if that untrammelled life meant release from memory and saddening cares—a new birth almost. It seemed from some of those books as if there could be no greater happiness upon this earth than to tramp across sandy deserts and stalk occasional lions; while in others the supreme good seemed to be found in the attempt to scale impossible mountains. What was it that made the rapture of these things? Isola wondered. Was it that perils and wild solitudes offered the only possible escape on this side the grave out of a past existence? Allegra had never so much as crossed the channel. She had been brought up in the most hum-drum fashion. First a school at Falmouth, and then a smarter school at Kensington, and then St. John's Wood and the Art School. Her mother had died when she was fourteen years of age, and since that time her brother had been her only guardian and near relation. Her life had been but little variety, and very little of the dancing and gaiety which for most girls is the only form of pleasure. She and Isola talked about the ships as they sat upon the grassy hill at Polruan, and speculated about the lands of which they knew only what they had read in books of travel.

"You, at least, know what France is like," said Allegra, "and that is something."

"Only one little corner of France."

"And to think that you were born in an old French city! It seems strange. Do you feel at all French?"

"I don't think so; only sometimes a longing comes upon me to see the old gray walls, and to hear the old voices, and see the curious old women, in their white caps and brightly-colored handkerchiefs, clattering along to the Cathedral. There must be more old women in Brittany than in Cornwall, I think. Fowey does not swarm with old women as D'nan did. And sometimes I long to see mother, and the good old Brittany servants, and the garden where the hours went by so slowly—almost as slowly as they go here," with a sigh.

"Does time go so very slowly here?" asked Allegra quickly. "That sounds as if you were unhappy."

"What nonsense you talk," cried Isola with a flash of sudden anger. "Cannot one be dull and bored sometimes—from very idleness—without being unhappy?"

"I don't know; but for my own part, when I am happy I am never dull."

"You have more of what people call animal spirits than I have."

"I'm glad you apologize in a manner for that odious phrase—animal spirits. I would not apply such a phrase to Tim. It suggests nothing but a cad at a statue fair. Heaven gave me a capacity for happiness, and I thank God every night in my prayers for another happy day. Even at school I contrived to be happy, somehow; and think what it must be after seven years of dull routine in other people's houses to feel that I am here in a home, my own home, with my brother and sister."

The two women clasped hands and kissed each other upon this. Only the night before Isola, of her own free will, had asked her sister-in-law to make her home at the Anglers' Nest always, always, till she should be led out of it as a bride; and Martin had shown himself utterly happy in the knowledge that his sister had won his wife's love and confidence.

When Isola and he were alone together after the sealing of that family bond, he kissed and thanked her for this boon which she had bestowed upon him.

"I never could have felt quite at ease while Allegra was living with strangers," he told her. "And now my cup is full. But are you sure, dearest, that you will never find her in the way, never fancy yourself any the less mistress of your house and of my life, because she is here?"

"Never, never, never! I am gladder than I can say to have her. She is a delightful companion. She helps me in a hundred ways. But even if she were less charming it would be my duty to have her here since you like her to be with us."

"But it must not be done as a duty. I will not have you sacrifice your inclination in the slightest degree."

"What an obtuse person you are! Don't I tell you that I am enchanted to have her? She is as much my sister as Gwendoline; indeed, she is much more sympathetic than Gwendoline ever was."

"Then I am perfectly content."

Allegra wrote to Mrs. Meynell next day, announcing the decision that had been arrived at, not without grateful acknowledgments of that lady's kindness. The rest of her belongings were to be sent to her forthwith, caskets and color boxes, books and knickknacks; her brother's gifts, most of them from the romantic East, things which made her few little Kensingtonian keepsakes look very trivial and Philistine beside them. Allegra's possessions gave a new individuality to the large, airy bed-room, and the tiny boudoir at the corner of the house, looking seaward, which Isola had arranged for her.

While these things were doing Martin Disney was buying horses and buying land—a farm of over two hundred acres which would make his property better worth holding—and he had further employed a Plymouth architect to plan an enlargement of the old-fashioned cottage—a long room opening out of the drawing-room for a library and morning-room, two bed-rooms over, a veranda below, and a loggia above. In that mild climate the loggia would afford a pleasant lounge even in winter, and myrtle and rose would speedily cover the massive wooden columns which sustained the tiled roof. It was to be a homely Italian loggia—unpretentious, but not particularly architectural; but Isola and her sister-in-law were delighted at the idea.

The stables were to be enlarged as well as the house.

"You have no idea how I have hoarded and scraped to lay by money ever since I bought the Nest," said Disney. "I believe I was the worst dressed man in the service all through my last campaign."

He laughed aloud in amused remembrance of

many small sacrifices, while the three heads clustered over the architect's plan, which had that facetious prettiness of delicate drawing and color which makes every house so much nearer perfection upon paper than it ever can be in sober brick and stone.

(To be Continued.)

A Lincoln County Miracle.

The Terrible Experience of a Well-to-do Farmer.

Mr. Ezra Merritt Suffers Untold Agony—Told by a Physician That Only Death Could End His Sufferings—How He Secured His Release From Pain—Anxious That Others Should Benefit by His Experience.

Grimsby Independent.

How often we hear the expression "Hills are green far afar," as a term of disparagement. So it may be with many of our readers when they hear of anything occurring at a distance from home bordering on the wonderful. They may place little confidence in it, and even if they do believe it, allow the matter to pass from their minds without leaving any permanent impression. Not so with local affairs. When anything startling occurs in our midst, affecting people whom we all know well, everyone is interested, and all are anxious and even eager for the most minute details. For some months past there have been published in the columns of the *Independent* from time to time, accounts of remarkable cures made by that now justly famous medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Possibly some of our readers have looked upon some of these accounts as describing cures highly improbable, if not impossible. And yet this should not be the case, for they are all vouched for by respectable newspapers, who could have no object in stating other than the facts, and who would be discredited by their own readers were they to do so. However, seeing is believing, and Mr. Ezra Merritt of South Grimsby stands forth to-day as living testimony to the wonderful curative powers of this not at all over-estimated medicine—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Having heard that a most remarkable cure had been effected in the case of Mr. Merritt, the editor of the *Independent*, with that desire possessed by most newspaper men for verifying things coming under their notice, resolved to investigate the case and satisfy himself as to the truth of the story. Some days ago he drove over to Smithville, and at once called upon Mr. D. W. Eastman, druggist, a straightforward business man whose word is as good as his bond with all who know him. Mr. Eastman stated that he knew of the case of Mr. Merritt, and considered it a most remarkable one. Mr. Palmer Merritt had come to him one day and asked him if he could give him anything that would help his brother, Ezra Merritt, who was suffering untold agony with pains in all his joints, his back and his head. Mr. Merritt stated that his brother had tried everything and could find nothing to help him, and that the doctors could give him no ease. One doctor from the United States had told him positively that there was no help for him and that death only could set him free from his agony. Mr. Merritt further told Mr. Eastman that his brother wished to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and asked him if he thought it would be any use. Mr. Eastman advised him to try them, as wonderful cures had been worked by their use. Mr. Merritt acted on his advice and continued the use of Pink Pills until he is now a well man and sound as ever.

The editor then drove over to see Mr. Merritt and found that gentleman sound and hearty, looking over his cattle in his farmyard. Mr. Ezra Merritt is a well-to-do farmer owning two fine farms about three and a half miles west of Smithville, in the township of South Grimsby. When the newspaperman told the object of his visit Mr. Merritt expressed his willingness to give him the fullest particulars of his case, and we cannot do better than give it in his own words. "The first time I was troubled," said Mr. Merritt, "was on July 1, 1891. We commenced haying on that day and I felt sore and stiff in all my joints. I now believe the trouble originated through my washing some sheep in cold water the preceding April, when I went into the water and stayed so long that when I came out my legs were numb, but I did not feel any bad results until July, as I have said. I gradually grew worse, until I could scarcely do anything. I kept on trying to work but it was a terrible struggle, and the way I suffered was something awful. Every joint in my body was stiff and intensely painful. As time passed on I gradually grew worse, the pains went into my back, and at times my agony was almost unbearable. I had tried all home-made remedies, but without avail. I then consulted a doctor but his medicine had no effect. At the time of the Smithville fair a doctor was over here from the States and I consulted him. He said my case was hopeless, and I need not expect anything but death to release me from my pain. As winter came on the pain got into my head and my sufferings were something terrible. About dark the pain would start about my ear and work up until it reached the crown of my head. As morning came on the pain in my head would subside, but the pains in the rest of my body never left me, and at last I grew so bad that when I would lie on my back I could not get up to save my life without assistance. Although I had not lost my appetite I became weak, so bad that though I could walk around I could not stoop to lift a pound. I became so weak in this way that I got discouraged and lost all hope of ever getting better. It was about this time that I heard of the wonderful cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and Mr. Eastman of Smithville advised that they be given a trial. My brother got me a box and I took them, but felt no good results. I took still another box and still no perceptible benefit, and I felt so weak and discouraged that I decided not to take any more. At this time a lady from Hamilton came to visit at our place and she strongly advised me to continue using the Pink Pills. She had known Mr. Marshall at that city and knew that his case was bona fide. I thought it useless to continue, but at the urgent solicitations of my friends did so, and by the time I was through with the third box I

began to feel a benefit from them. This gave me hope which did not again waver, as I found myself steadily growing better, and continued the use of the Pink Pills until now I am as well as ever I was in my life. I know that it was Pink Pills that saved me when all else had failed, and I have no objections whatever to having the story of my cure being published, as it may be the means of helping some other sufferer back to health and strength and gladness." Mr. Merritt further said that he had now no fear of a hard day's work, and has not had the slightest return of the pains or the stiffness in the joints.

Returning to Smithville the editor again called upon Mr. Eastman and was informed by that gentleman that his sales of Pink Pills were something enormous. Mr. Merritt's cure having something to do with the increase in sales lately. There are other cases also in this vicinity little less than marvelous, of which we may speak later on.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of influenza, grippe and severe colds, diseases depending on humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, over-work or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at fifty cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50. Bear in mind that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, nor in any form except in packages bearing the company's trade mark, and any dealer who offers substitutes in any other form is trying to defraud you and should be avoided.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address. The price at which these pills are sold makes a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

Correspondence Coupon.

The above coupon must accompany every graphological study sent in. The Editor requests correspondents to observe the following rules: 1. Graphological studies must consist of at least six lines of original matter, including several capital letters. 2. Letters will be answered in their order, unless under unusual circumstances. Correspondents need not take up their own and the editor's time by writing reminders and requests for haste. 3. Questions, scraps or postal cards are not studied. 4. Please address Correspondence Column. Enclosure unless accompanied by coupons are not studied.

STAFFORD.—This is an amiable and sympathetic person, rather given to romance, fond of self, and also of all forms of art and beauty. It is an undeveloped hand, just forming a character study that will, I believe, be most attractive in the future.

WHITE HEATHER.—You are rather a gusher, very impulsive, original and hopeful. Your mind is bright and cheerful, your method a little exaggerated, your imagination a very Pegease; a singularly impractical and exasperating person, but so winning and coaxing that every line pleads your excuse; your affection is warm and constant.

AN IRISH GIRL.—This is a sympathetic, refined and practical lady, somewhat variable in mood, but generally bright and cheery. She is tenacious, a little self-assertive, warm in affection and rather vindictive in manner; good sequence of thought, rather a knack at argument, very evident tact, and some taste are shown; care and love of order are visible, and a decided liking for the beaten track. She would never rival the raids of Madge Wildfire.

CURL JANE.—Excellent judgment, rather a formal and reserved nature, careful, persevering and, as yet, not very decided in will. Though I do not profess to tell anyone's age, I will risk the statement that you are not very ancient, but your character is well formed in very attractive lines, and when your purpose and decision are mature you will be worthy of much admiration. Affection is light and hope not very plain. You are a wee bit selfish and sometimes sharp, but your disposition is amiable.

CUTLER.—1. Many thanks for kind words and good wishes. Though a little past date, let me return the latter by wishing you a happy Easter. 2. Your writing shows decided facility, taste, refinement and care for details; you are generous and very fond of society, neither formal nor informal; great impulse, go, and enterprise, with candor and good judgment, are yours. Your character is marked by too quick thought and too easy satisfaction; hope, ambition and ready wit are among your characteristics.

MADON WILDFIRE.—You are very energetic, original and rather an independent thinker, with some self-will and a want of self control, of which your breezy nature needs an unusual amount. I think you need some discipline and that your many charming traits are just a little growing wild, but though your method is erratic, your writing bespeaks a very excellent and lovable character. You can love well and loyally, and though you can be angry, you are a Lady Gay and desire her love to you, and she quite reciprocates your wish. Some day—who knows?—you may each be bettered by an encounter.

BIO FELLOW.—1. What look like differences to you might easily be the same graphological studies. If you make capitals, for instance, in several different styles it simply shows facility. You are not one who never moves out of your groove, but you can turn your hand or mind to many things. 2. Your writing shows independence, push and enterprise. You are sometimes hasty and quite often you find that second thoughts are very reversing. You can persevere in the face of opposition until your aim is reached. You have very bright ability and though careless and in some matters capricious you are reliable in time of trial. Ambition, imagination and caution are also shown.

CORNER.—1. I think the friend who gave you a year's subscription to SATURDAY NIGHT is the right kind of friend to have. 2. I cannot promise to read your photograph, for if I did I should be deluged with pictures to decipher and have neither space nor time for them. I am sorry not to oblige you. 3. Your writing shows much candor and self-respect, rather a high sense of honor, warm affection, some idealism and a friendly but very discreet manner. I don't think you are markedly clever, but you have better traits than many clever folk; some originality and rather a want of buoyancy and snap are shown, though here and there I note a rather breezy line. On the whole a very good and reliable woman.

VIC.—1. You are mischievous, humorous and hopeful, somewhat self-willed and a little temperamental. I do not think you know the meaning of discipline, nor are you able to sit still comfortably. But I am sure people love you even, perhaps, for your very faults. Some imagination, love of beauty, and a sympathetic and generous heart are yours. You are not warmly affectionate nor extra fond of luxury, but you dearly love a merry copes of any kind. 2. I don't know who wrote "Night dropped her sable curtain down and pinned it with a star." Perhaps some of our readers can tell you; also who is the author of Gay Kenmore's Wife. It sounds rather Mary Jane Holmesy, I think. By

all means write again. I won't be so long answering you next time.

BRATICE.—I hope you did not keep the meeting waiting for my delineation. Why should you be specially favored? Your writing is rather a difficult study, as it is so marred by haste or carelessness that I cannot help thinking you made it as bad as you could. I do not quite comprehend the drift of your letter either, or why a palmistry club should derive benefit from the delineation of your writing. However, the non-comprehension of your sentences does not affect a study, so here goes. Your writing shows a very strong and crude nature, positive, a little obtuse and utterly lacking in grace and finesse; self-reliance, some obstinacy, and an honest, truthful and careless method, rather a tendency to idealism, and a persistent, constant will. Hopes and taste are lacking and some heavy lines of despondency shown. Patience is not visible, judgment is very prejudiced, but there is enough force and talent in your hand to make a very fine woman, if properly subdued and trained. Your goodness of heart and rectitude of purpose are clear.

All About an Overshoe.

It was on Pine street, between Third and Fourth. The street is narrow, the sidewalks are more so. Two newsboys were discussing some important matters of state over near the Merchants' Exchange. A gentleman with a pair of deerskin rubbers and in a terrible hurry was coming up the street on the north side. Coming in an opposite direction was a young couple. Of course, the sidewalk being slippery it was necessary for him to assist her, and the sidewalk being narrow it was also necessary for them to walk very close together.

"I'll tell you what I'll do with you," said one of the newsboys at the climax of his argument. The man in a hurry at this particular moment lost one of his rubbers. It came off at the heel, and in his wild rush up the street the impetus of his movements caused his toe to remain in the overshoe just long enough to give it a forward motion, and it went flying along over the icy walk about ten feet in front of its owner.

"Wat yer givin' us?" asked the other newsboy in a tone of superb scorn. "I tell you what I think of der whole scheme. See? I tinks—Rats!"

As the emphatic remark about rodents cut through the air like a hot knife through fresh cheese, the escaped overshoe shot under the skirts of the young lady. She did not know what it was, but the noiseless motion of the black object and the cry of rats were sufficient. She emitted a scream that brought the neighboring population to their windows, while her young man's hair stood up, his heart stood still and an unhand-her-villain look came into his eye.

He was about to rush to the rescue when his feet flew up and he sat upon the hard sidewalk. When the young lady screamed she also jumped straight up in the air, and when she came down the man who owned the rubber was saying:

"Beg pardon, but that was my overshoe." The young lady recovered quickly, and watching her discomfited escort pick himself up, the absurdity of the whole thing seemed to dawn upon her and she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, in which the young man soon joined, and they continued on their way together.

The newsboys were dazed for a moment, when one of them awoke from his stupor, and remarked:

"Yum, yum, Chummy. Git onto de taffy."—*St. Louis Republic.*

A Brand Plucked From the Burning.

The man wore the regulation dress of the Salvation Army, the blue uniform with brass buttons and red letters across the breast. He walked slowly, with his head bowed, as if in deep thought or study, and more than once he raised his eyes only just in time to avoid a collision with some pedestrian coming toward him.

And so it was that when a woman—a flashy, tawdry thing, arrayed in cheap finery, which was soiled and stained and dragged—accosted him she spoke twice before he looked up.

When he saw the flushed face, girlish even in its reckless abandonment, an expression of sorrow came into his eyes, and her own fell beneath his earnest gaze.

"Why, sissey!"

He said this reproachfully, as though she were no wicked woman at all, but a naughty, wayward child. The girl's cheeks showed a deeper crimson through their coat of paint, and she stood irresolute, as though undecided whether to turn and run away or to stay.

"Where's your ma?" the man asked at length.

"I dunno."

"Ain't you got no folks?"

"It's none o' your business," the woman answered defiantly, tossing her head as if ashamed of her momentary humility.

"Yes, 'tis. That's wot I'm wearing these here regiments for. It's my business to help poor sufferin' people wherever I find 'em. An' you're sick at heart an' sufferin' this very minute in spite o' all that there red paint an' that laugh." For there was a look of anguish in the girl's eyes which gave the lie to her forced smile and air of gaiety.

"Yes, you're ashamed an' sick an' tired o' the whole business an' you'd quit it if you could, only you darsent start in tryin'. Come, now, ain't that so?"

The head bowed until the flimsy plumes on the showy hat fell forward as if trying to creep under the rim to see whence came the drops which were splashing down on the red, chapped hands.

"There ain't no use," the girl began.

"Tut, tut!" interrupted the man; "ain't you never heard o' Mary Magdalen? She was"—he hesitated, embarrassed—"worse than you be," he finally said; "an' our Lord He forgave her all her sins 1800 years ago an' you needn't tell me He's been lookin' down on this earth all the time since without gettin' sadder and sadder for them that goes wrong. There wa'n't no shop girls gettin' \$2 and \$3 a week an' tryin' to live decent on that when He was here, else He'd probably have forgave more than wot He did."

"There, there, now; don't take on so. Come along to our barracks. It's nice and warm there," for the poor creature was sobbing and shivering now. "The girls they'll talk to you better than wot I can, for I'm only a rough sort of a chap at best."

Together the two passed down the street and

disappeared through the doorway of the big low building of the Salvation Army headquarters.

There was a moment's hush in the great room, then a sound of weeping, and suddenly the air was smote with a crash of cymbals, drums and tambourines, and there was borne out on the chilly air a deafening clamor through which ran the thread of a gospel tune, There Were Ninety and Nine.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Striking a Balance.

Miss Longtry—Do you think marriage is a failure?

Mrs. Tenmore (of Chicago)—Yes—on the average.

Reason? Beecham's Pills act like magic.

At the Christening.

Mickey O'Shaughnessy—Now, den, t'ree cheers fur de kid.

Fatsy Dooey—Divil a wan. De kid kin howl fur himself.

For Seasickness.

USE HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

Dr. Price, of the White Star S.S. Germanic, says: "I have prescribed it in my practice among the passengers traveling to and from Europe in this steamer, and the result has satisfied me that if taken in time, it will, in a great many cases prevent seasickness."

Sensational Journalism.

Reporter—I have a big story. We'll have to rush out an extra.

Editor—What is it?

Reporter—There was a washout on Broadway during the rain last night and some of the pavement was exposed to view.

Sample Chocolate Free.

A postal card addressed to C. Alfred Chouillon, Montreal, will secure you samples of Menier's delicious imported Chocolate, with directions for using.

He Had Cause.

Young Snobberly—Ah, m'lud, I suppose you simply detest the people of this country?

Lord Fitzmud—Aw—yabs. They mostly all take me for one of those damned Anglo-maniacs.

Build Up.

When the system is run down, a person becomes an easy prey to Constipation or Scrofula. Many valuable lives are saved by using Scott's Emulsion as soon as a decline in health is observed.

The Wrong Person.

Old Bachelor (very near-sighted)—Where's your husband?

Charming Widow (twin sister of the other lady)—I'm sure I don't know.

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX."

BEECHAM'S PILLS

COVERED WITH A TASTELESS AND SOLUBLE COATING.

A WONDERFUL MEDICINE FOR

Indigestion, Want of Appetite, Fullness after Meals, Vomiting, Sickiness of the Stomach, Bilious or Liver Complaints, Sick Headache, Cold Chills, Flushing of Heat, Loss of Sleep, and All Nervous Affections.

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CATARRH

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THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD - Editor

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The Drama.



IT IS the proper thing to admire Marshall P. Wilder and to laugh at all he says and does upon the platform. There are other proper things which are somewhat harder to do. Once Marshall smiles the audience is his for the balance of the evening. Before you, spread out horizontally on a level with the table, you perceive a gigantic smile without

any visible means of support. It is not a flitting thing, but a tremendous substantiality of a smile, backgrounded with a giant's causeway of ivory teeth, lit up above with a pair of great, humorous eyes that seem glad to be there—a smile among a thousand, a smile that has the courage of its convictions, a smile that seems to welcome everybody and bid them move their chairs in closer and giggle comfortably around its wide margin. His smile is the camp-fire of mirth about which all comers cluster to dispel the chill of the night. It is a famous smile. His mouth is a phenomenon. In the portrait of Mr. Wilder, which I give, his mouth is in repose, compressed into the handy form in which he carries it when moving from town to town. But one should see the facial alteration when that mouth begins to unwind itself into a smile. Coil on coil it recedes, deeper, higher, wider, the ears scampering into the hills for safety, the eyes moving up to escape engulfment, the nose a tip-toe to hold its own—a jovial consternation among all the organs, and there you are, smiling at the smile whose surname is Wilder! God bless him, the little goblin of glee!

He is less backward in speaking of his own physical deficiencies than one can be in referring to him, but I will say that one so small



MARSHALL P. WILDER.

and disabled as he, has overcome enormous things in becoming a great public entertainer whose annual income amounts away up into the thousands. None can know but himself how imposing were the obstacles in his upward path. I have known small men who were not deformed in the slightest degree, yet they seemed to feel afflicted and moped in secret, hoarding up malice against anyone who suggested that they were not big enough to steal the chimes out of a belfry. I am not a whale in size myself and therefore have taken an interest in these puny fellows whose touchiness I could never understand. But for Wilder to become an entertainer despite his figure is an accomplishment extraordinary. It is unpleasant to look upon imperfectly created men, more unpleasant to some than to others, but any who see Wilder a second time forgive him his looks and in the glow of his big heart sign a pact of friendship.

Along with Wilder, people did not know what to expect—and they got an acrobatic musical performance. Almost anything else would have been as unsatisfactory. When people do not know what to expect or whether to expect anything, it would be a miracle if that which is offered fails to satisfy. It was an intellectual audience that greeted Wilder and his support should have been high-class—not but that Miss Woolsey was funny and secured many recalls for the fun of seeing her go through a Grecian Roman tussle with some kind of a musical instrument. She won every fall. The way she hip-locked and grape-vined her violin, with her left, upper cut with her right and rib-roasted the xylophone was exciting to behold. We encored her athleticism, not her music. The vocalist was unwell, but she sang very nicely. I am not much in sympathy with those who are disappointed at Wilder's support; they expected Patti and Paderewski thrown in with Coquelin and a free pass.

Thatcher drew full houses at the Academy of Music the first half of the week with his Tuxedo company. George Thatcher is a clever entertainer himself and had some very good people along with him. The early part of the performance consisted of the attempts of some people in Tuxedo burg to get up an amateur theatrical show, but finally Thatcher's minstrels strike the burg and are engaged for the

occasion. Not a bad idea, as it gave opportunity for jumbling all manner of matters together, and gave each artist an opening for his specialty. John A. Coleman as Lord Cholmondeley was the unique figure of the company, and when disguised as an Indian and later as an Irishman, he made everyone laugh immoderately. Some good singing was heard from Raymond Moore, R. J. Jose, Tom Lewis, H. W. Frillman and Grace Hamilton. Hughey Dougherty suited a numerous class in giving the comicallities of a low sport. Altogether, although there was not much rhyme or reason in Tuxedo, it proved a very popular mixture, drew big, loud-laughing houses and produced the exact effect Thatcher is after. There were a few very suggestive jokes and broad inferences but they were more generally relished than resented.

Rosina Vokes is playing the latter half of this week at the Grand. There was a triple bill on Thursday night which will be repeated this afternoon at the matinee, Sunset, Wig and Gown, and My Lord in Liverly. Last night the clever new comedy, The Paper Chase, was presented for the first time here, and will be repeated at to-night's performance. Miss Vokes holds a place second to no other comic actress in the affections of the best people of Toronto, and always plays to big houses.

Grossmith has been secured for a second visit to Toronto, so many people being unable to secure seats during his last visit. He will be at the Grand on Monday and Tuesday evenings, and the seats are going rapidly.

The next attraction in Kleiser's Star Course is too well known to require any particular comment. James Whitcomb Riley is not a stranger to Toronto and it is not too much to predict an overflowing audience for him in the Pavilion next Thursday evening. The moment he steps upon the platform his audience fall completely in love with him and are moved to smiles and tears just as he wills it. His poems are enjoyed alike by old and young, for in them is mirrored the life we see around us. No child is considered too poor or too deformed to become idealized by his pen. No man, however common, but Riley discovers in him some happy trait or some unknown nobility of character that can be glorified by his pathetic touch. The Raggedy Man, Jonesy, The Lix town Humorist, all are simple, natural men, whose quaint originality is delicious. On Friday evening of last week the Press-Club of Toledo, Ohio, tendered Mr. Riley a reception at the close of his entertainment in that city. The plan opens at Nordheimer's on Monday next at 9.30 a. m.

The Union Dramatic Society of Edinburgh University, which has for its honorary president Mr. Henry Irving, have invited Miss Jessie Alexander, our talented reader, to take part in their annual entertainment towards the end of April. Miss Alexander's long illness leaves her so many postponed engagements to fulfill on this side of the Atlantic, however, that she will not likely be able to accept the proffered honor from the Edinburgh students. Her many friends will be glad to know that she is rapidly nearing convalescence, and it is hoped will give the public an opportunity of listening to one of her delightful recitals before the season closes. MACK.

The Pulse of New York which is being played this week at the Toronto is sufficiently realistic and exciting to satisfy the most ardent desires for things that harrow the feelings. There is an abduction with violence, several narrow escapes and adventures by land and water in which the inevitable gun figures largely, in fact the nimble revolver appears with a frequency which savors rather of what we have heard of the wild and woolly West than of New York. There was a somewhat revolting scene in a low dive, but it was enlivened by the clever dancing of Master George Elliott, who deserved the applause he elicited. The worst thing about the play was its want of harmony and the extreme improbability of the happenings, while the plot was very difficult to grasp. Mattie Vickers was as good as ever and has not lost any of her vivacity and cleverness, and Walter Jones was well up to his part. In the dive scene he did one dancing act that was very funny. Carrie Sweeney is a little exaggerated in her rendering of the character of May, the tough girl, but she does some clever work and her side acting was the best of the company. Marion Chase as Florence Dennison was extremely weak, and Frederick Roberts was but little better, if any. There was no life or reality in either of them.

The attractions at the Musee this week are of a lively nature but without revolting features. There is an Albino Princess with a pedigree which is lost in the night of ages, an India rubber individual, who appears to set the physical law of incompressibility at defiance, and a sword swallower who, although he pretends to possess an ordinary anatomy, has, I am sure, a throat of brass and vitals of leather. In the theater a one-legged man sings and dances, and amongst other amusing specialties are three men who turn themselves inside out, or nearly so, and tie themselves into complex knots which rival the Gordian knot for intricacy.

Next Monday evening the well known comedy, Skipped by the Light of the Moon, will appear at Jacobs & Sparrow's Opera House for a week's engagement. This is said to be one of the most popular of farcical skits, and although it has been before the American public for years, it has never been seen here. It is apparently as fresh and vigorous as when it was first brought out. This is owing in great measure, no doubt, to the fact that the management are constantly introducing new songs, dances and other specialties in the piece, as well as new faces, and in this way the funny play is never allowed to appear old. The company this season is said to be the best one ever had, and the play itself has undergone a thorough revision.

The Span of Life will be on at the Academy next week. It has made quite a hit in New York and the company playing it will come straight to the Academy and return as the crowd flies. The pivotal points of the plot are a robbery and attempted murder at the Coffin's Rocks Light-house on the Devonshire coast,

England, which incidents are facts in recent criminal history. A maiden, having received an inheritance of several hundred pounds, entrusts it to her lover for safe keeping. He is the custodian of the Coffin's Rock Light-house. On the evening of the day that the money is given him it is necessary to send an assistant attendant to the mainland for aid. On shore this man is enticed into a tavern and drugged. Those who stupefy him seize his boat, row to the light-house and attack the keeper. A desperate struggle takes place, the robbers leaving the keeper seriously wounded and unconscious. On this foundation the superstructure of the drama is ingeniously reared.

Things we Would Like to Forget.

There is nothing personally unworthy about Jones, but on his approach the other side of the street possesses superior attractions. Jones has done nothing to me, but years ago he was present when I made an ass of myself. I have never forgotten it, nor has he, and when Jones' brown whiskers appear round the street corner I cry incontinently, "What a fool I was!" and pass on humbly, conscious that the whole street knows what a humiliated donkey I am.

Memory has many such trap-doors. There is nothing equal to it for bursting the little balloon of your self-esteem. You float along gaily, sure that you are looking your best, believing that the world is saying, "This is somebody," when here is Jones. Years ago you made an ass of yourself, Jones is thinking of it now.

If you haven't anything better, give me a piece of brown paper to tie over my head, kind people; hide me from Jones.

It is useless to assure yourself that it was a very little thing, that it happened years ago when you were young. Prove to yourself with faultless logic that Jones must have forgotten and if he does remember, it was no such dreadful thing. Your shrinking soul knows better; Jones remembers. The scene rises up before you, how you looked, what you said, and you turn away from Jones in agony of mind.

It matters not what worthy action you may be performing. Your mind runs along smoothly to the trap-door, it is open, down you go. You blush in solitude. O halcyon days of childhood before memory had trap-doors! If you only could forget; but you never can, not so long as Jones is here and memory has trap-doors.

Is there a man who does not remember the time when he made a fool of himself? How happy he must be!

PENNY.

Misunderstood.

A west end druggist is bemoaning the loss of a customer. A lady was in the store on Saturday and had a prescription filled.

"How much is it?"

"Fifty cents."

"Dear me, forty-five is all I have with me. Cannot you let me have it for that?"

"Really, I could not," said he of the pills, "but you can pay the next time you are in."

"Oh, but suppose I should die!" laughingly enquired the lady.

"It would be a small loss," replied the druggist, but he saw from the injured look the customer wore as she swept out of the door that he had made a mistake somewhere, but it did not dawn upon him until too late.

CLAWED.

The Universal Phiz.

I WAS not quite certain, but from the brief glance I had obtained of his profile as he got off a Yonge street car at King street, I thought I recognized my friend, Brown, and walking rapidly after him gave him a hearty slap on the

back.

"What the dickens do you mean by that, sir?" exclaimed the supposed Brown, turning sharply around as my hand fell and disclosing the face of an entire stranger.

"Pardon me," I answered rather confusedly, for the blow was not a light one, "I mistook you for a friend of mine; really, I humbly apologize."

"Oh you did, eh? What is his name?"

"Brown," I replied, "J. B. Brown. Looking at your side face you bear a striking resemblance to him."

As I spoke he took from his pocket a small red leather pocket-book, and producing a pencil asked:

"What is his address?"

I gave him the desired information, remarking: "Do you intend looking him up?"

"Oh no," he replied, "I merely desired to add one more to a long list of individuals whom I have been mistaken for. You see in me," he went on mournfully, replacing the book in his pocket, "one of those peculiarly constituted beings who always resemble somebody else. This unfortunate characteristic has been the cause of more mishaps than could be told in a day. Generally the likeness is seen by an enemy of the man I resemble. Your pat on the back was almost a caress compared with some of the bangs I have got. Three times I have had my hat knocked over my eyes, and twice I have been assaulted deliberately in the open street."

"Why not sue for damages?" I asked.

"I did once," he replied, "but the magistrate recognized me as a notorious confidence man, and dismissing the case warned me against ever reappearing before him. Occasionally there is a bright gleam through the cloud, as for instance; last week I was traveling from Montreal to this city, and a beautiful girl boarded the train just as the conductor was shouting 'All aboard!' rushed up to my seat, threw two shapely arms about my neck and kissed me passionately, remarking hurriedly that she heard I was coming through, from Kate, but could not get down to the train before, asked me how Kate was, and when I should be back again, and then, just as the train commenced to move, embraced me again and rushed out, to reappear on the platform and wave me out of sight with her handkerchief. But this, as I say, is only an occasional happening; usually drunken men claim me in public places as their pals; disreputable tramps salute me familiarly when I am out with my best girl; collectors dun me on the street; policemen stop me—"

Just then a couple of well known society girls swept by in their carriage, with a gracious bow from each to my companion.

"That's one of the gleams," he went on, removing his hat. "I don't know either of them from Eve, but come in here and have something."

As we turned into the sample-room indicated, and lined up to the counter, the smug-faced drink-dispenser greeted the man-who-looked-like-everyone with:

"Hullo! Frizy! Why ain't you workin' today?" My companion produced his little red leather pocket-book.

UNCLE ARTIE.

The Bachelors' Club



WE WERE sitting around the grate in my room enjoying our pipes and each other's silent company, when the peevish cry of our landlady's baby aroused Smith and made him exclaim, "Hang the youngster; anybody would

think they were born specially to annoy a fellow when he wanted to be quiet. What use are they, anyway?" The poor child had just been christened the day previous and was to be known to this and succeeding generations as Lucinda Gladys Jenkins, and I ventured a suggestion that perhaps the name was the cause of the baby's trouble.

"That reminds me," said Waters, from the depths of a big easy-chair on the other side of the grate, "of a story my old dad used to be extremely fond of spinning about a christening that took place down South:

"The minister was informed that a woman was waiting to have her baby girl christened. The mother had chosen the name of Lucy, but on account of an unfortunate slip in her speech, when asked during the ceremony what the name of the child was to be, she replied: 'Luthy, thir.' The minister's brows contracted. 'My dear sister,' exclaimed he, 'I cannot allow you to call your child by so awful a name as Lucifer.' Then fearing objection on the part of the mother he christened her daughter 'George Washington Jackson, I baptize thee—'

Here Smith, who had been waiting impatiently to tell his yarn, interrupted him with, 'Talking of Lucifer reminds me of a Methodist minister up around Peterboro' way, who had been feeding his flock on speculative theology in his sermons under the title 'Was the devil ever in heaven?' During his course he proved conclusively to himself that the aforesaid devil never had been in heaven, and his congregation sent a deputation to inform him that the devil had been in heaven.

"About this time a queer little old minister belonging to Toronto was invited by the parson of another denomination in the same town to come up and spend a week with him.

"On his arrival he started out to make the acquaintance of all the parsons in the place. At last he got to the Methodist's, who poured into his symphony bell a whole trouble between himself and his congregation about the devil. After listening to the whole story the would-be comforter, waxing indignant at the treatment his 'brother' had received, exclaimed: 'Well, now, it's a pretty shabby way for them to treat you, but they don't know any more about the matter than you do.'

"How is it," said Williams, taking his pipe leisurely from his mouth and knocking the ashes out into the fire, "that one story generally makes everybody think of something they have seen or heard? You all know Jack—, who after passing his freshman's exam, left college and went to the North-West. Well, his father one day received a note something like this:

"Sir,—Me and John wants to get married; come over to the farm on Tuesday at two o'clock."

"The appointed day at two o'clock the old clergyman presented himself at the farm, and being shown into a room was shut in and the door locked. Unaccustomed to such treatment he hurried to the door but could not move it, and going over to the window prepared to make his escape. On second thought, however, he decided to stay where he was, telling himself that should anything go wrong he could easily escape to the yard from the window."

"At last after waiting and knocking and calling for a considerable time he heard a footstep outside, the door was opened and the bride's mother announced that everything was ready."

"What did you mean by locking me in here?" demanded the minister.

"Oh!" replied the unconcerned old lady, "John's shirt front was so crumpled that we had to wash and iron it since you came, sir, and we were afraid that if we didn't make sure of you, you would be getting tired waiting and would have gone home."

PAUL.

Odious Comparisons.

I have often noticed in comparing the cities of Toronto and Montreal, in both of which I have lived long enough to become conversant with the "things that be," that we seem so secure here in Toronto in the matter of police protection. Now, in Montreal there is a great falling off in the security of the streets at night.

It has been ascribed to the great extension of the area of police duty. This is very true and may be put in another way. Not only are the police too small for the area, but the area is too much for the police; or, to put it dynamically, "the action of the force is in an inverse ratio with the area."

Then again, in Toronto theaters you are subjected far less to the annoyance of people coming in late than you are in the metropolises of Quebec.

In Montreal the practice developed into being a perfect nuisance. I remember once entering the Queen's Theater myself when the hands of Christ Church clock were registering half-past eight. It was the opera of The Tyrolean, and the performance was in full swing, a whole row of people having to get up to let me pass. A pretty French girl, whose figure, however, had decided inclinations towards embonpoint, looked flushed and angry, her black eyes fairly glistening, as she remarked with asperity: "Mon Dieu, Monsieur! Cannot you get here in time? It is a perfect nuisance people coming in at this hour to annoy everyone. They are the bete noires of all decent people."

"Pardonnez moi, madame," I answered politely, "I quite agree with you. That's why I came in late."

ALLAN DOUGLAS BRODIE.

Stranded.

For Saturday Night.

Sullen clouds sweep o'er the ocean;
At the Storm King's angry cry
Billows rise in dire commotion,
Tossing fleecy foam on high.
Heavy surfs are thundering madly
On the headland's rocks of gray,
Sending forth an echo sad
All the dark and dreary day.
In the distance now appearing,
Riven canyons of a ship;
Sallors o'er the sea are steering
With a whispered prayer on lip.
O that some fair breeze would aid them
To the shelter of the shore;
O that the dear Lord who made them
Would appease the tempest's roar.
But the lurid lightning flashes
Thro' the wild-tempestuous night,
And the heavy thunder crashes,
And the waves are milky white.
Can you marvel that such weather
Fills the throbbing heart with fear?
Yet the storm clouds e'er will gather
O'er the doubtful seafarer.
Lo! upon a jagged rock
Massive billows hunt the bark
With a melancholy shock,
In the thickness of the dark;
And the sweeping waves are dashing
O'er the heavy, rolling hull,
As it hangs there, groaning, crashing,
Near the headland drear and dull.
God of heaven! in Thy kindness
Lend Thine ever ready ear;
Save the sailors who thro' blindness
Ended that proud ship's career.
Or if death o'erakes one mortal,
O bestow on him Thy love;
Guide him thro' the pearly portal
To that happy realm above.
Thou alone canst know the struggle
He has had to live aright;
Thou alone canst know his trouble;
God be with him thro' the night.
See the rosy morn returning;
Fainter grows the tempest's roar;
Anxious eyes are now discerning
Heavy wreckage on the shore;
Many dauntless souls that perished
Are discovered here and there,
Resting on the earth they cherished,
With dank seaweed in their hair.
But tho' shipmates weep above them,
Bowed with sorrow, sick and sore,
One has said, who e'er will love them:
"They're not lost, but gone before."
Still the sullen sea is moaning;
Tho' the morn is shining clear;
Still the shattered bark lies groaning
By the rugged headland near;
And the noisy gulls are crying
A disconsolate refrain,
While the heavy wind is dying,
And the sea grows calm again.

MALCOLM W. SPARROW.

The Indian's Farewell.

For Saturday Night.

The wood was silent—only the moonbeams fell
Pale and uncertain 'mid the sleeping flowers;
Silence had hung her weird enchanting spell
From tree to tree through all the sleeping hours.
The distant murmur of the brook, star sought,
In sweet unnoted accents half destroyed
The breathless quiet of the night, and caught
The cricket's song dilating overjoyed.
The firefly in many circles gleamed
Where the soft night had hidden from the moon;
A bird awoke and twittered, the forest dreamed,
Pervaded by the perfumed breath of June.
Curling above the trees the pale blue smoke
Alone directed to the council fire,
Where rose, and burned, and fell, and fiercely broke
The warlike words of many a chieftain's ire.
Careless of councils in the moonlight stood,
Lost not in wonder at the stars above,
Nor charmed and speechless by the silent wood,
Two lovers in the last embrace of love.
Thus spake she, "Last night with all my girlish glee
It seems I chased the flames of the fly;
Thinking her jeweled, as 'neath yon chestnut tree,
She danced and darkened, re-lighted to re-die.
Vain was the chase—her jewels were like my joys,
All disappointments. Pleasures are most fair
Before the eager captor's hand destroys
The bright allurements sweet as summer air.
To-morrow you leave me! To-morrow! Then good-bye!"
Her boom heaved, her hands were strangely cold,
Deep grief, love-born, spoke in her tearful eyes,
A language deeper than the tongue hath told.

CHARLES E. DEDRICK.

Miss Roseola McGroggin Lectures Cousin Huldny on Etiquette.

For Saturday Night.

Huldny, I sorter reckon you kin stop with me a week, Eeie returnin' to yer trar quil home alongside Catfish Creek. I noticed at the social yer manners wanted tone, You was too much like a yellin' dog a-settin' by a bone. When Mr. Jinks was interdoosed, and made a graceful bow, You sorter busted at him, and mashed his marble brow. Your feedin' at the supper, I noticed when I stood, Was too much like a steamer a-gettin' in her wood. Eeie kin piee chinked in both hands like a cob of injun corn, Ain't the style with city folks that's 'to the manor born.' You notice our long-tongues, when eatin' piee contrive To never use their fingers, but shove with their knives. Nor was it k'rt before the blessing had been said by Mr. Glus, To kinder chuck yer knife and fork, and holler—'Wal, I'm through! But that was nothin', Huldny, to the meechin' kind of way You acted later on, when the folks began to play. When good Mr. Nathan Humm, the pious dry-goods man To show you some attershun had really jest begun, And came a-pawin' round you in the early Christian style, You acted like a kittle that begins to over bile, You raised on high yer brawny arm, and with a blojous shout Ketched him a diff behind the ear, as fairly knocked him out. Imagine of the scene!—the sisters gatherin' round, The liftin' of that pious man disheveled from the ground; The pastor's mute amazement; the scandalous uproar; Them dukes and bank clerks larlin', and hollerin' 'Ang-core!' While you stood up before the crowd, and shouted loud and free 'I'll lam the next owdashus whelp as lays his paw on me!' It bust the social up—I can hear the sisters scream, When you foiled yer remarks up by heavin' round ice cream. How I got you out of that I really do not know, Larfin' wildly and hysterical like, and kickin' up the snow, Till we reached my meerciful home, bereft of earthly joys, Escorted by an infernal mob of grinnin' men and boys. Now look here, Cousin Huldny, if you wish to be espoused, I warn ye not to be so braw, nor yet so easy roused. Men is mostly timid creatures, and especially in town. You can't git a man's affections by knockin' of him d'n. Men has to be encouraged, if their hearts you want to fetch, And the better they're worth ketchin' the harder they're to ketch. And mark my sayin', Huldny—and with no uncertain sound—You'll never git a man without yer havin' men around.

REUBEN GOURLAY.

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Between You and Me.



LITTLE thought came to me as I sat in the Pavilion last Monday evening and looked at the entertainer who hosts of people had come to see and hear. It was, how much more kind we can be to shortcomings in appearance than to wants and weaknesses in character. Marshall Wilder is certainly not "forbidden fruit," in the sense of being pleasant to the eye, but we never thought of resenting his shortcomings. Are we thus kind and tolerant with one in some prominent or conspicuous place, whose mind was built askew, like the clever little humorist's body? Shortness of temper may come from some pre-natal influence, as much as shortness of shanks, and a tendency to go awry mentally as much as an erratic gait or a shuffling walk. We do not hate or abuse people whose malformation is bodily, but are we kind enough to those who present various deformities of mind or manner? Generally, we are impatient of their weaknesses and annoyed at their faults, and the principle which softens our voices and blunts our criticisms on behalf of the former is set aside when needed in the case of the latter; needed a thousandfold more, too, dear people, because for one dwarfed body are a thousand dwarfed minds; for one crooked pair of legs are a thousand warped and twisted consciences and perverted wills in this contrary world of ours.

The principle of the world is: "Be good to yourself." If you have any special weakness, make kind excuse for it; if you cherish any secret sin, reflect that all are sinful, and your sin is like Zor, but "a little one;" if you are temperate, what provocation you have! If you are surly, how badly people behave to you! If you are untruthful, a little falseness must be condoned; if you are dishonest, necessity drives you to it—and so, *ad infinitum* and *ad nauseum*! But there is another principle, not of the world, but, creeping gently in, thank goodness, in these days of light and tolerance, which extends the gentle treatment you apply to yourself so far over to your neighbor that perhaps you may have to even matters up by being censorious at home while you are charitable abroad. Blessed be they who are in such a case; they are gainers, the world is a gainer, and by and by some bright little corner or nook in Paradise will stand ready for them, for of just such are angels made!

I have had a letter to-day from a young person who says a good many rude things to me. I believe because I have sometimes criticized him. Among other things he says, "You won't see the world as it is you take a triangular piece of glass and look through it at an old shoe, and prate of the prismatic border round the old shoe, with what you call optimism, but what I call feminine perversity." Now, it is sometimes absolutely necessary for our own best interests to look at unsightly things through a triangular glass, and blend those pretty shades of faith and hope and charity round some unattractive object, just as my would-be mentor says I do, and whether it be optimism or perversity, it serves to help one over many a dreary way in cheer and courage, and is a wrinkle which my good fellow creature would be well learning. I could not take the world as it is without my bit of three-sided glass. I should not dare to look at it—and I know many a bright and happy woman as perverse as I am!

The well known editor of the *Review of Reviews*, Mr. Stead, gives a most satisfactory and interesting account of an experiment he tried in his own family, and the satisfactory results thereof. His five children, the eldest eighteen and the youngest nine, all started French six months ago, or rather to tackle colloquial French, and without looking into a book, to acquire a decent fluency and correctness. They had, literally, talking lessons, and by the competent assistance of their French teacher they were triumphant and able to stand a public test of their acquirement at the end of six months. This is the pleasant way to master a language—for a language learned from books is, to a language learned after Stead's fashion, as paper flowers are to growing blossoms. Whatever the result of Mr. Stead's publication of the success of his experiment may be, let us hope some of the poor small boys and girls who are wrestling with *Noel and Chappell* and the method *d'union* will be released from their toils and be whisked into the delights of French *casserie*.

LADY GAY.

It Must Be Settled Now.

For Saturday Night.

"The oriole is coming in," said Mrs. Donatoune; "It bothers me like very sin To tell how to pronounce it."

Ah, I construe the 'e' to mean It should be called a oriole; But to my ears there comes a din, It certainly is oriole. Says Uncle Japhet, "Gincoise Ends up the same, so 'We oriole!" "But then you know that's gen-yoo-lee, And so endorse oriole." Aunt Sally screams, "I draw the line; Them hoops pronounce I oriole!"

Toronto, March 1, 1898.

Short, But Decisive.

As I passed along one of our city streets the other day at noon I was greatly amused by the sudden termination of an argument between two small boys, who were evidently on their way to school. I cannot say what they were arguing over, but they argued something after this fashion: "Tis so," said Number One. "Tis not," said Number Two. "Tis so, or I'll hit you a poke in the eye if you don't shut up." So in deference to his wishes the other kept still.

HELEN DARALLE.

THE ROYAL CHILDREN OF EUROPE.



No. 19--Princess Ingeborg of Denmark.



No. 20--Princess Louise of Denmark.



No. 21--Princess Thyra of Denmark.

Pete's Boy Sammy.

WE were all sitting round the camp-fire in the most approved Western fashion, revolvers within easy reach, tobacco poisoning the sweet night air and foul language flowing from the lips of Long Jim.

When he had finished the bloody tale of a "dip" in Elmira county, he looked slowly round as if to say, "Cap that if ye can," and none of us cared to take up the unspoken challenge.

None of us, that is to say, except Pete, who was half asleep, having heard his "pard's" story a dozen times before. The silence woke him I think, for he sat up and yawned and joined the circle of stillness round the fire. What stillness! Nowhere in the world are there such eloquent gaps as round a camp-fire when the story is told and the pipes are in full swing, when there is nothing but Nature and the fire—the fire, alive with faces and voices and the hand-claps of the dead—the fire, that teems with the little, tender touches of our youth and the sweet, sad stories of our young manhood! In the days when I sat with the "boys" about its glowing heart, it was our bible, our prayer-book and our reader, our photograph album and the coffer wherein we kept our souvenirs of home—the lock of hair, the tiny shoe, the faded knot of ribbon she wore at her throat, the old, old miniature of mother; all these we kept in the fire and in the evening, when oaths and groans were still and something in the quiet stars and the whispering pines compelled us to talk cleanly and act likewise, then it was that we overhauled our treasures tenderly and reverently, and when we had done with them, gave them back to the fire to keep till to-morrow.

I knew what Pete's most precious fire-jewel was. I had seen the original, a little faded cap of gray riddled with bullets and torn and stained. I knew he was holding it in memory's hand now, for his fierce eyes were soft as quaker satin and his fingers moved as if caressing something.

The fire—it must have been the fire, it prompted all our better impulses—seemed to have unlocked a story silent for years, for Pete, with his hand before his eyes, asked suddenly: "Did ye ever hear 'bout my boy Sammy?"

We all had, though not from him, and we asked him gently to tell us of Sammy.

"There wuz seven of us," began Pete softly, as if to himself. "Long Jim there, he wuz hansom in those days wuz Long Jim, kinder captivat' in ter winnin', an' Bloker, up from Mexico, an' the Pulverizer, Monkey Jack, an' his brother Phil, what broke the bank in 'Frisco, an' me, an'—an' Sammy. It wuz after the bust of the Fissaleup Mine, an' we wuz makin' our way over ter the Loops ter meet a party of forty that wuz on its way ter Leadville. We'd had ten days of mighty steep trampin' an' had reached the Loops 'fore the boys, so we calkerlated ter go on and meet them, fer Bloker swore he knew the trail. Wall, Sammy wuz thirteen then, an' wuz as smart a boy ez any in the States. He'd a funny crop of straight, yaller hair an' two of the brightest, sunniest, kinder twinklin' eyes yer ever saw. Those days we didn't take much 'count er Sammy; he uster be runnin' most of the time 'cept when he rode up 'side Pop, as he called me, fer he wuz very light, an' small like his mother. He cud shoot pretty nigh ez well ez the Pulverizer, an' not one of us cud beat him at a stretch. We uster tease him a bit just ter hear him say, 'O! Pop, go 'long!' in a curus way he hed. A kinder little feller never breathed; he wouldn't hurt a flower. I've seen him set fer half a day holdin' a sick horse's head on his knee that wuz too small fer it, an' then nearly break his heart when it died. He never thought then when he wuz runnin' round so full of health an' sperits that—these things wud happen ez they did! 'Bout two days past the Loops we began ter think we oughter meet the fellers from Pointville, and Bloker 'skivered he wuzn't so 'ticular sure 'bout the trail. We'd bin livin' ez best we cud on what we cud kill and bread that we baked ourselves, but the flour wuz givin' out an' unless we met 'tother party we wuz in a snarl. I guess it must be bin 'bout four o'clock on the second day when we set Sammy, ez he bin the lightest, up a tree ter see ef he cud see any of the boys comin'."

"I member that tree ez well ez my boy's little cot at home. It was a big pine all knotted an' scarred with age an' the branches wuz stickin' out perfectly straight—I cud find it in a million now! I member too that ez I watched him goin' up, Sammy kicked a piece of bark in my eye and I swore at him under my breath. Swore at Sammy! thank God he didn't hear me! 'Twasn't a minute 'fore he shinnied down again, his eyes starin' with all the sparkle gone outen 'em an' his face white ez a maple.

"Pop," he sez very low, like he wuz sayin' good-bye ter someone, 'Pop, the Pointville fellers is comin' 'bout three miles away over the hills an' there's two hundred Injuns ridin' right over ter meet 'em."

"We knew what that meant unless we cud warn the boys—a surprise, a short scrimmage

an' then scalp, scalp, scalp an' 'nuther big X 'gainst the dirty score we've fer the Redskins. Did the Injuns know they wuz comin'?' Long Jim went up the pine an' kim down, sayin' he guessed they hadn't spotted 'em, an' ef we cud distract the Injuns 'bout gittin' scalped ourselves, we might save the boys yit. We held a sorter pow-wow on the spot, fer there wuz no time ter lose. One of us wuz ter start towards the eastwards, 'round over ter the boys an' warn 'em, an' the rest wuz ter skip over ter the westwards an' build a fire a good way off. Ef the Injuns saw the smoke they'd be sure ter foller it up an' meanwhile the forty wuz ter make fer the fire an' prepare fer a big time.

"It wuz a clumsy scheme, but it wuz all we cud fix up in such a short time. They chused me ter go ter the eastwards, ez I cud run faster'n most men, an' they all made off in the other 'drection.

"I dunno how it kim about ter this day, but I clean forgot Sammy, I wuz so taken up with the boys. I left him with our fellers anyway, an' Bloker 'clared afterwards he wuz with me; anyway he disappeared an' none of us guv him a thought. I tuk the trail and went ter meet the party an' never found 'em at all. I walked on an' on till I wuz tired and near jumped outen my skin when I heard a shot whistle past my ear.

"Then there wuz a cry I seemed to recognize an' more shots an' yells an' a child's voice, an' I knew the Injuns wuz killin' Sammy. I tell you I ran, straight inter a howlin', screamin' herd of devils. I didn't see nothin' then but my boy lyin' on the ground by the little fire he hed made ter save the boys an' me. There wuz a big Injun standin' over him with a tomahawk, just going to strike. I snatched his hateful stick away an' brained him 'fore the others cud get their breath. I picked up Sammy an' saw that his little cap wuz riddled with bullets an' there wuz a great wound on his breast.

"He clung round my neck, not like he wuz frightened but like he loved me, an' then those devils came on again, two hundred on one man an' a child! I suppose we should have been killed at once but there wuz a great shout behind an' our boys an' the Pointville fellers wuz upon 'em. The dirty cowards thinkin' it wuz a whole army made off an' dribbled away and disappeared like water thrown on sand. Then they began questionin' an' explainin', fer they hed seen the Injuns after all an' hed changed their direction. Then Sammy piped up quite cheerful from my arms and tol' us he had crept away an' made a fire to the southwards, thinkin' ter run away afore the Injuns came up, but they were on him before he hed time ter hide. Of course they all crowded round him and sed he wuz a 'brick' an' 'the stuff,' an' said he wuz braver than the Pulverizer, an' in the middle of it all Sammy guv a little gasp an' laid his head down on my shoulder, while the blood began flowin' from his mouth. I tried ter staunch it but cudn't do nothin', so I sat an' rocked him like his mother uster, and tol' him he wuz the bravest boy in the States. He just looked up inter my face an' smiled an' let the shine come inter his eyes again.

"O, Pop! go 'long!' he said, and died in my arms. I bev his little cap still an'—an'—I sometimes think that if there is a heaven after all, Sammy won't be much on this side of it." Silence, utter silence, over the camp, only the piff of the dying fire and the faint roar of the river away to the west. Pete's eyes were dry and bright but his hands trembled pitifully as he tried to light his pipe, and Long Jim, rising with a muttered curse or two, laid his great hand for a moment on his partner's shoulder as he stumbled into the underbrush. After we had turned in I looked out of the tent and saw Pete sitting alone by the fire, and I knew that his breast was still heaving with the weight of his dead Sammy, and that out of the midnight he heard those boyish accents, more sacred and beautiful to him than the voice of the river, the silent song of the stars, or the dropping of the fragrant pine cones, "O, Pop, go 'long!'"

FRANCIS MORISON.

Professor Miasmaticus on Taxation.

THE question of Taxation is one which I feel peculiarly competent to deal with, for knowing nothing whatever about the subject, my remarks will of course be entirely without pre-ter judice towards existing theories and any mistakes I may make will clearly be due to ignorance.

In the first place, there is the question of sidewalks and street paving. There is no doubt that the sidewalks are used exclusively by human beings, and should be paid for equally by all that use them, due allowance being made for one-legged people, such as allowing them to go at half price. There is just as little doubt that the pavement of the street is used almost exclusively by horses, and consequently I would advocate that the horses pay for it, which might be done on the instalment principle by hay notes. Of course they might kick about this as they sometimes do about other things, but we are used to kickers in the matter of taxes anyhow. They might also ask for representation at the Council Board. The reply to this would be that they are already represented there by one or two very near relations, and in addition to these half-brothers it must not be forgotten that the executive head is a mayor, with *velo* power to stop legislation by simply saying neigh. As for the wooden sidewalks which bound the goose-pastures in the suburbs, it is only fair that the enterprising farmers who have acquired the habit of using them for firewood and fencing, should be compelled to sacrifice somewhat of their farm produce in return, and by collecting this tax in the shape of turnips the city would be enabled to realize a double profit, as it could dispose of them to advantage by laying in a stock of flavoring extracts and starting a municipal jam factory, which might be run in connection with their other protected industry, the soup kitchen.

The Iniquitous Frontage Tax could be got around by citizens who have any sand in them doing as I have done. Turn your house around and then dedicate a couple of feet of your back yard to the city. You will then be in a position to contend that you don't front on the street, and don't own any property in the neighborhood.

As for the Water Rate, I would recommend that anyone who is so besotted as to use water at all should strain it carefully and demand a handsome rebate of so much per pound for the microbes, and I feel convinced that the city's sense of justice and fair play would enable him to save money. The Corporation could utilize the said "microbes" for generating electric power, and by their aid might also put a little "life" into some of the officials at the City Hall.

The question of the General Rate is one which touches "private" citizens in a sore place and should be attended to promptly. If the military men of this town are in need of Generals, for goodness sake let them furnish the necessary funds. They strut round the streets jangling their swords against their long boots, trampling on everything that doesn't wear a red coat or isn't a good-looking girl, and I for one feel like asking them to pony up the dollars in addition to putting on the style, even if they are forced to curtail the number of clean towels that they have been in the habit of using to stuff the bosoms of their tunics. Eyes Fr-r-ont! Quick Ma-r-r-ch! Pay your t-a-a-xes!

In conclusion I would observe that some rumors have reached me about a "single tax" throng. Now, I think this is a very good idea and should be brought prominently forward.

As I understand it, this tax would only bear with any great weight upon two classes in the community, viz: Maiden ladies of uncertain age, and bachelors over forty years of age, and I for my part do not see why these people should object to paying liberally for their high privileges. If a woman chooses to luxuriate in single cussedness, let her, but, I ask, is it fair

to expect the community at large to pay through the nose for the maintenance of these vestal virgins' establishments of cats and parrots in the splendor befitting their station in life?

Then as to single men: the idea of letting these boozing old ganders go unwhipped of justice simply strikes me dumb. Do they expect the people are going to pay for their whiskey and water, hair dye, warming pane, and other miscellaneous comforts which go towards the make-up of a bachelor's "menage" and not ask them to contribute their mite towards supporting the contractors that bank on the city's assets, and assist the council in bossing the town? Rise, fellow citizens, and make them pay up or join the exodus.

G. J. A.

Pussie Willows.

For Saturday Night.

Down where the babbling brooklet Halts hushed in an icy world, Red willows, rudely shaken, Their pussies have unfurled;

They are covered with furry oaksins Of softest silver gray; And herald forth the springtime In their appointed way.

March winds will loose the brooklet, Will set its sweet voice free; March winds have brought these pussies— The voice of spring to me.

MARIA H. HOLMSTEDT.



Jack—Say, Bill, we've been in hard luck lately, ain't we? Bill—We have, old man. Jack—I'll tell you what we'll do. You insure your life in my favor for \$10,000, and I'll do the same for you. Bill—Well, what good'll that do us? Jack—Why, we'll just load up our guns, and step off thirty paces somewhere and see who gets the money.—Life.

How Long Shall We Mourn?

TO people who are accustomed to speak of this world as a vale of tears, and who before they have cut their wisdom teeth arrive at the conclusion that life isn't worth living, I dare say this seems rather a superfluous question; to a woman fond of a bit of bright color and ready for any amusement that comes in her way, it is quite a serious one, especially when the fifty-second cousins of the Pencher-man family begin to drop off.

It means lots of sewing too, with four grown-up daughters, and it seems hard to insist on mourning in clothes (particularly as their winter suits are made up) when you couldn't make the dear, light-hearted girls mourn any other way.

Louise Pring says that's just the reason they should wear extra crapes, so that people'll not guess how little they cared. Now, I don't wish to speak disrespectfully of my own relations, or those I married into, but it's against human nature to grieve for Timothy Pike. I nursed him when he was ill, and I help the widow and children, but why we should all wear black I don't know. Goodness knows he made us all mourn enough for him when he was alive! It isn't the clothes only that I grieve, but giving up all the little entertainments we usually attend; we're quite ready to enjoy them if it was only proper for us to go to them. I believe, too, although of course I wouldn't say that for the world, that Mrs. Pike herself would be all the better for going to a concert once in a way. She's very fond of music, and says it soothes her nerves, but there is no knowing what would be said if she went to one under a year or two.

Poor thing, the only change she gets from the dreary associations of her home is to take a walk, and then she has to carry a pound or two of widow's veil, and it makes her so top-heavy she nearly always comes back with a bad headache. I'd be afraid to suggest her wearing a hat, it might hurt her feelings, and people'd say at once she was looking out for another husband, although anyone with common sense might know that one Timothy Pike in a lifetime is enough.

I'm not saying that one doesn't feel a certain satisfaction in putting on black when one has met with a loss, but the thing is, ought one to help oneself to mourn as much as possible, or try and forget it if one can?

It seems to me that women do most of the mourning in the world now, and not being a strong-minded female it's one of the rights I wouldn't insist on. If Mrs. Pike had been the one taken, Timothy would have been going around in a tweed suit by this time with only a bit of black on his hat, and looking quite cheerful with twenty times the reason to fret that she has.

All this black is bad for the eyesight. I read not long ago that color-blindness, which is increasing among Western nations, is largely due to the sombre garments they wear and their being so fond of prints, instead of water-colors and oils and chromes. Maybe that's the reason some people never see the bit of blue in their sky when their lives are flaked over with clouds. I've always thought that clear vision was an essential in life, so no wonder I want to know "How long shall we mourn?"

J. M. LOES.

Why Not Take Two or Three.

Col. Cole Hoyle (to daughter)—Yes, Libby; while you have been galivanting round Europe gettin' your education, your old Pops has been peegin' away until he has grown rich as mud. We have finished our new works and are just makin' things hump. Yes, indeed; we can take the crude oil in one end of the buildin' and when it reaches the other, it comes out thoroughly refined. Libby (anxiously)—Dear father, won't you try to find time to take a trip through the works yourself, the first thing in the morning?



Under the Great Seal

A NOVEL

By JOSEPH HATTON

Author of "Clytie," "By Order of the Czar," "John Needham's Double," "Cruel London" Etc.

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PART III. CHAPTER I.

THE MAD ENGLISHMAN OF VENICE.

Two ruins. The first almost human in its time-worn aspect, its blind windows, its broken columns. The second entirely human, the living wreck of a man. The first a decayed palace with a brave and brilliant history. The second a man, battered by cruel blows of fate, aged before his time, but with the windows of his soul still undimmed, except for here and there a film that had come from the shedding of many tears.

The marble ruin was not entirely desolate. It had a custodian, one who had known it when its echoes resounded to the laugh and shout of triumph and festival. The human ruin was alone, solitary in the great world. In its pinched and wounded heart lay the everlasting difference between the dead ruin and the living; it was the well-spring of hope that keeps green some sunny spots in the dreariest past and freshens the most arid forecasts of the future.

At the date of this history, Yriarte, the historian, will tell you that visitors to Venice must have remarked in passing down the Grand Canal an ancient building with its open loggia on the first story, ornamented with marble columns, having Byzantine capitals. The antique facade set with slabs of Greek marble and encrusted with circular escutcheons was falling into ruin, its interstices choked with earth and moss. Here and there trailing vines and varied creepers had taken root in floor and crevice, giving that touch of leaf and flower that always arrests the attention wherever it is observed among the halls and palaces of this city in the sea. The Turkish custodian still lived there and might be seen leaning against the last arch of the loggia, a type of Eastern immobility, indifferent to the gondolas passing and repassing under his eyes, looking but seeing nothing. "A poet who did not know that placidity of the Oriental, which looks like dreaming and yet is no dreamless, might have imagined that he read a look of wistfulness in this man's eyes, and that the forlorn wanderer was thinking of the ancient glories of Venice."

In these present days if you would see with the eyes of the historian and follow the adventures of the hero of Heart's Delight, you must look back through the spick and span facings of the palace that have blotted out the resting-place of the prisoner of Tafflet. There are Venetians still living who knew the old palace and its picturesque custodian. The stones are fresh that have been piled on the ancient foundations, and the present writer has moved his gondola by the steps on the Grand Canal, and talked with an old Venetian who had known the stranger they called "the mad Englishman."

This building was the old Fondaco del Turchi, predecessor of the new palace, built in the thirteenth century, and of which the present building is supposed in many respects to be a reproduction of the blind old house which had for its custodian the dreamy Oriental. Three hundred years after the splendid entertainments that the Lords of Briaro gave there, the palace became the residence of the Turkish merchants and dealers, and it was in its last days of decrepitude and picturesque misery when Alan Keith begged for shelter at the hands of the Turkish custodian.

They were well met these three—the blinking old Turk in the shadow of the crumbling palace and the half-demented seafarer who had been landed by a Spanish ship to take his chances of life and death in Venice. There was something almost inarticulate in the woes of the three. The palace spoke to the human fancy in whispers of parasite leaves that held many of the marble stones together. The custodian addressed the Englishman, but to Alan it was in the unknown tongue of France. Alan replied in a guttural English that was full of recollections of the Scottish vernacular, with now and then a smattering of French words and Spanish, such French, however, as might have been English to the Turk who could only guess at the stranger's meaning. There was, however, between the two human ruins a sympathetic language which they could not mistake. They both belonged to the miserable. They had both seen strange adventures: they were both old; they were both poor; poverty knows its fellow. The custodian of the decaying palace clung to the old walls for love and not for wages. Alan had about him the few gold and silver coins that some philanthropic Spaniard had given him when obtaining his release from the Moorish dungeon. Elsewhere he had treasure in abundance, away on the silent shores of the secret waterways of Demon's Creek; always supposing that the supposed graves had remained undisturbed except by wind and weather.

During all the days of his imprisonment Alan had never forgotten any circumstance connected with his life at Heart's Delight. Dropped down off Labrador, blindfolded, he felt that he could steer into the silent harbor whence the cunning vengeance of Lester Bents had driven him and his comrades to fall victims to the English ship of war. When some unknown power had come to the aid of the prisoners at Fenestra, he had selected to be put ashore at Venice, feeling that of all cities in the world he might there possibly still have a friend. He remembered the young priest's talk of Venice as his home, of the probability of his removal thither, and that he had a mother living in Florence.

More than twenty years had gone by since then, and Father Lavello might be dead. He might, however, have left behind him some friend upon whom he could count for advice and help. Twenty years was long in the memory of a fox; and Alan knew not to what extent his name might be branded with the penalties of treason and crime, with piracy and murder in the annals of British justice. Could he have

known that he was dead in the official report of the admiral of the St. George—dead with all his comrades, dead and buried with his pirate ship beneath the deep and stormy waves that roll around Bahama's coral reefs—he might have selected to be put on board an English ship; but he was weary, and his mind turned to Venice and Father Lavello. He had taken upon himself a new name by way of wise precaution, and resolved to feel his way to the abiding-place of Father Lavello, and know something of his record and the character he bore with his people before entrusting to him the secret of his existence and his desires. His long imprisonment had made him secretive and mistrustful; dulled his perceptive qualities; given his eye a trick of wandering, and given to his speech a certain hesitancy that to the common mind marked him down as imbecile. And so once more he was dubbed the mad Englishman, and later he was assigned not only a name but a local habitation: he was called The Mad Englishman of Venice.

But Alan was far from mad. Dreamy? Yes, far more so than the dreamy-looking custodian of the time-worn palace; dreamy, with lucid intervals of energy and passion; dreamy, with poetic memories of a saintly wife and child; dreamy, with sounds of the sea in his ears and mirthful voices; dreamy, with the light of the crackling fire of a winter's hearth in his memory, and pictures of a domestic peace, of neighbors sitting in the wintry glow of peat and wood. He was a dreamer gazing back on sunny seas and happy fisher-folk, a dreamer who falls from paradise to hell, from happiness and peace and domestic love and home to tyranny and wrong; to battle, murder, and tempestuous fights at sea; from lying by the side of a wife beloved beyond all women to lying prone by her grave, victims both of them of a lawless law and a lawless magistracy. Yes, he was a dreamer indeed, this wanderer who paused as if from sheer sympathy by the rough steps of the decaying palace with its long-robed and be-fezzed custodian, a wrinkled, silent, ruminating Turk.

Surely this ruined house was the place where such a bony, withered, hawk-eyed mariner as Alan Keith should rest; this was the sentinel of silent palaces and mysterious boats who should make him welcome. And so he addressed himself to the Turk, and the Turk came out of his reverie to look with pitying eyes upon the stranger. Such a presentation of picturesque age were these three that one's mind rests upon it with awe and wonder. The two strange men, the one dead pale, the other a living statue, the one a wanderer in, a humble boatman had rowed him from the quay in his *sandolo*, and here he had left him with the Turk, who, opposite in creed, in thought, in every way, still found reason for comradeship with his grim petitioner. They were both alone, one with his memories, the other a stranger in a strange land. The custodian however had acquaintances. He had lived long enough in Venice to adopt some of her habits and to be on speaking terms with certain frequenters of a *cafe* in a shady corner of the steps that lead upwards over the Rialto bridge. Here he would once or twice a week take his cup of coffee and smoke his chibouk and listen to the conversation of other guests while they slipped their diluted anisette or drank their black coffee, denouncing with bated breath or blatant defiance as the case might be, their Austrian masters. The blonde mistress of the landlord with her lightly shod feet, showing shapely ankles in white stockings, would pay special attention to the silent Turk, and the Venetians would often talk to him of the time when Venice was great and free, and the *Fondaco del Griechi* one of the glories of the Grand Canal. Otherwise the custodian had neither kith nor kin nor friends in Venice. He had permitted, however, the friendly encroachments of a certain humble gondolier and his wife to find a lodging in a wing of the palace overlooking a back canal, in return for which they gave him such domestic service as he required, did his marketing, cooked his food, and in winter made desperate if unavailing efforts to keep his *salon* warm.

Attilio was the gondolier and Teresa was his wife, and they could both speak a little English picked up in the service of a great merchant who had traded round the world and had once taken them to the great port of London. But Attilio had never heard such strange English as the grim stranger spoke and Teresa had never seen so evidently mad a lodger as the man whose excellency, the Signor, had thought well to shelter and protect.

In such a multifarious community as that of Venice in those days, with its strange sails from Eastern ports and West, with its curious fisher-folk from the islands of the lagoons, its mysterious Jews of the ghetto in their picturesque gaberlines, its Austrian officials and sentinels, and its grave old citizens, it might have been thought that Alan Keith would have escaped notice; but he seemed to impress mysteriously the most ordinary person; his gaunt figure towering above the crowd, the long, patched and foreign coat he wore reaching from his neck to his buckled shoes, and decorated in some queer barbaric fashion; his long spider legs in faded velvet trunks and aiken hose; his bony hands and pallid bony face, his sunken eyes that shone like meteors from beneath his shaggy eyebrows; his long, thin gray hair, and his restless manner—they knew not what to make of him; the simple gondolier and his wife and the keeper of the *cafe*, whether the silent Turk had taken him, were as much at a loss; and in a very short time he came to be spoken of as "the mad Englishman." Once unwittingly he had offended a number of men and boys on the quay by some remark which he thought was a complimentary expression in choice Italian and which was nothing like it. They made for him to testify their anger in blows, but the gaunt stranger scattered them like leaves before a mighty wind. Mischief would have been done

had not an English captain whose ship was lying in port awaiting her sailing papers, interposed and explained what Alan Keith had intended to say, whereupon the crowd burst forth into laughter, and insisted on shaking hands with the poor mad fellow; for now they knew he must be mad to call them villains and boasts of burden when he had meant to do them honor.

And so Alan wandered about the city, which was to him a dream within a dream, and he a ghost from some other world. He was happy, quite happy, for a long, long time, free to come and go, with shelter for his head and food for his stomach. No gaoler held him by the heels. Once in a way the Austrian challenge of "Halt! Wer da!" broke in upon his dreams, but the sentinel would smile good-naturedly as the mad Englishman retired with a bow of submission and a "pardon, messieurs," spoken with a broad Scotch accent. Alan, indeed, began to think he had been translated to Paradise, and for a time what he considered to be the ambition of his latter days faded out in the free air of Italy; for it was free to him, the very essence of the supreme liberty, whatever it might be to the Italians, whose aspirations he did not understand. He found that the few gold and silver pieces which his Spanish deliverer had deposited with the suit of clothes with which he had been endowed, and the bundle of curious linen that had been placed for him on board the ship, went a long way in the estimation of the unspeakable Turk, and that an odd coin now and then made Attilio and Teresa both willing servants, however mad he might seem to them—a madness that was unmistakable—especially when, as had happened more than once, Alan had tossed one of his strange coins upon the *cafe* counter to treat some *lagnone* to a cup of wine, or had himself indulged in an extra glass of brandy with his coffee; for then his eyes would fairly blaze, and he would talk of fights on sea and land, of stormy waters and the haunted lands of distant shores; but even then, he spoke with a kind of reserve that emphasized his madness.

There was neither latitude nor longitude in his inconsequential yarns; but once in a *cafe* down by the quay, he had been led into making overtures to an English captain concerning a buried treasure. He had discovered a sudden energy during a talk between the captain and his mate. They had heard of a sunken Spanish galleon that of late had shifted, and now showed her masts, and into whose hold a Frenchman had dived and found it full of gold. Thereupon Alan's dream of peace and happy days of freedom in an earthly paradise had gone back to reality, and he felt how poor he was, yet how rich, that he might still have a son alive to whom he owed a fatherly duty, and to whom for the sweet sake of an angel-mother in heaven he felt a yearning affection.

"I ken of a treasure," he said, looking up from the seat where he had been huddled, smoking a wooden pipe with a long reed stem, "and eh, mon, if I'd a ship and one or two good hans I'd mek the fortune of him who'd provide it; a nod's just as gude as a wink to a blind horse."

The sailors looked with undisguised surprise at the foreign looking withered old man who without invitation joined in their conversation, and made a wild declaration of secret wealth, not in French or German, not in Italian, or Moorish, or Hebrew, but in Scotch English, and at Venice.

"Where d'ye hail from, master?" asked the captain.

"Ah, ah," laughed Alan, "that's a vera easy question."

"I should say so," remarked the mate pouring out a fresh glass of Chianti for his chief.

"Ef I could just mek a contract w' ye givin' me command o' yer ship," said Alan, "within sixty days ye'd hae no further cause to sail the sea."

"Very likely not," said the captain good-naturedly, "and no ship to sail in maybe; join us, friend, in a glass of wine for the sake of bonnie Scotland; that's where ye hail from, I'm thinking."

"Maybe," said Alan, "we know where we hail frae, but where are we gaein? That's the puzzle, eh?"

Alan felt he was being questioned, and he was still wary about committing himself, for he had yet to learn on what legal grounds he stood. He had reason to expect Father Lavello in Venice. Idly as he had spent his time, dreaming in the sun, reveling in his freedom, he had nevertheless busied himself in enquiries about Father Lavello, and the gondolier had at last made out what he wanted. In the first place, Alan's method of pronouncing the Italian name had been a barrier to enquiry, and in the next place, Father Lavello had left Venice for Verona, and Attilio had succeeded in having conveyed there a letter from Alan, to which an answer had been received by word of mouth, implying that Alan would very soon see the priest whom he sought. This progress had only been achieved within a few days of the incident on the quay, and Alan felt that he might be very near the discovery of things of the last importance to him, and he became all the more circumspect. At the same time, he had of late brooded over a possible means of visiting Newfoundland, more particularly the scene of his buried fortunes, and the deep interest which the two English officers were expressing in the sunken treasure of a Spanish ship unloosed his tongue, but to no further purpose than to convince the strangers that he was a softy, a dreamer of dreams, a harmless lunatic.

Nevertheless Alan surprised them with his knowledge of navigation; and in a little while they were both talking to him with a rational consideration of certain propositions that he discovered to them. He sat at their table with a certain distinction of manner that gradually made them even deferential. He allowed them to understand that he knew they thought him half-witted; but he made them feel that there was method in his madness. He spoke of long years of imprisonment, of shipwreck and slavery, of a thousand reasons why he might well be mad; and he also spoke of human beings who had prayed to die and could not, men who came out of every danger unscathed, who bore torture, misery, the suffocating embrace of the sea, the anger of breakers on rocky coasts, and who lived on and on! He

held them with his natural eloquence; and he drank their wine with every now and then a repetition of their own pledge of Bonnie Scotland.

Time went on. The moon came out upon the lagoons and he started homewards, full of strange fancies, burning to take those sailor men into his confidence, half forgetting David, his son, only remembering the treasure; and as he went swinging along, strengthened physically and mentally by the generous Italian wine, he lapsed back into reverie and wonder, into the oft-recurring sensation of being in another world, in some half-way house to heaven, some earthly paradise anchored in a summer sea.

He sat down by the steps of St. Mark's and watched the evening traffic on the Grand Canal; stretched himself down almost by the water, where other men were reclining. None moved to give him place either in fear or friendship. They knew he was mad, but he had harmed no one, and Attilio spoke well of him. They knew that the mad Englishman had paid their city the compliment of calling it Paradise. He lay unmolested, with his hands underneath his chin, watching the gondolas with glow-worm lights at their bows. One or two coasters were making for their anchorage by the Custom House; he traced the lines of the great church of San Giorgio Maggiore against the moonlit sky; and he was very happy in a negative kind of way, warm, contented, the wine coursing pleasantly through his veins. He might have lain there all the livelong night until the sun took up the story of the moon and adorned Venice with all the beauties of the morn, had not Attilio laid his heavy hand upon him and demanded his attention.

"Dorme?" said Attilio.

Alan dreamed on.

"Awake, signori!" said Attilio, "*venite con me!*"

"Wherefore?" asked the mad Englishman, taking up a sitting position, and looking at Attilio reproachfully, as being awakened from a pleasant sleep.

Attilio was excited. His little English failed him when he was deeply moved. He could only repeat his one word, "Awake," and point with a stumpy finger in the direction of the ruined palace where they both had the privilege to lodge.

"Home!" said Alan.

"Si, si, certamente," said the gondolier, "*andiamo a casa, come, awake, signori.*"

Alan gathered himself up and stood by Attilio, so gaunt and yet so picturesque that one or two of the loungers looked at him with an admiration inspired by their laboring feeling for artistic effect. One of them smilingly asked why the madman did not continue to rise until he topped the campanile and could shake paws with the lion of St. Mark.

Attilio laughed, and lifted up his arms, and pointing to the moon asked why not further; yonder, where the silent man would know him; the man in the moon, with whom the Signor held long conversations on nights like these.

"Poor devil," said a brother gondolier, "and yet he is happy."

"Most happy, dreams he owns caskets of treasure, has ships at sea laden with gold and precious stones; wait, he says, and I will bring my donations of diamonds, rubies, and gold, for the domes of St. Marco," said Attilio, chattering away in Italian, complimented by the attention of his audience.

"Well, that is good, he has a grateful heart," the other replied, "and he adores our beautiful Venice; it is sufficient."

Alan, though now upon his feet, still gazed out across the canal, and now and then looked up at the moon, as she went sailing along another vast waterway, it seemed to him, in the heavens; but presently, as if he came out of his dream again, he asked, "Wherefore, Attilio, wherefore?"

Attilio replied again volubly, but with such a strange mixture of English and Italian that Alan could only ask again why he sought him, and catching something of Attilio's enthusiasm, put his question into his own vernacular and elaborated it without the slightest thought of Attilio: "What in the devil's name d'ye want disturbin' a man when he's just taking his ease and requires neither yer service nor yer yer comrade?"

And as if he understood every word the gondolier replied, measuring his words carefully out: "*Il prete, se curato, Lavello.*"

"Lavello!" said Alan, almost in a whisper.

"Lavello!" repeated Attilio; "come, signori!"

Attilio led the way across the piazza. Alan followed. They knew the footpaths of Venice as well as they knew her waterways.

"The campanile and the pin," said one of the loungers, who had hitherto been a silent looker-on, as he turned to watch Attilio and the madman disappear in the shadows of St. Mark's, the campanile striding out with long legs, the pin almost running to keep up with it.

A burst of laughter greeted the humorous comparison, to be succeeded by the silence of men who sleep and the ripple of waters, that emphasize silence.

(To be Continued.)

The Short Novel.

We are constantly being told that the three-volume novel has had its day and is upon the point of ceasing to be. And the younger school of novelists, which claims the future for the novel of a hundred thousand words, never fails to present as a premiss of the argument the assertion that the three-decker variety is only kept alive by the persistency of the libraries. We hear also that the libraries are a decadent force in literature, and that a serious public is gradually being formed which buys the books it so much loves to read. What way is there out of the difficulty? How is the puzzle to be solved? On the one hand we have the indisputable and undisputed fact that the best known novelists of the time do not run to any great length.

Mr. Stevenson once committed his fortunes to two volumes, but that was with a collection of short stories. Mr. Kipling, according to rumor, has had a three-volume novel, *Mother Matrin*, on the stocks for years. But in the meantime Mr. Kipling is content to court favor

with short stories and a rather short novel. Mr. Barrie's triply-bound up venture goes comfortably and appropriately into a single volume.

But, on the other hand, Mr. Hardy and Mr. Norris are generally observant of the conditions that ruled the opening of their career. Last week, too, we chronicled the appearance of Charles Reade's masterpieces, *The Cloister* and *the Heath*, in four volumes. Now Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. have issued Mr. Blackmore's *Lorna Doone* in three volumes, printed, as far as we can judge, from American plates. In three volumes *Lorna Doone* was a failure at the time of its first publication, and one is glad to know that so sound and interesting a piece of work, which lacks nothing of greatness but the inspiration of the romantic spirit, should so long retain its popularity.

The true explanation refers rather to taste than to the literary instinct. The average reader prefers that his books should be short. And cheapness does not count for nothing. But lately he has begun to develop an idea of elegance and appropriateness in the printing of the books he reads. He has blundered sadly in his day, it is true. Aestheticism extended its sway even into the library. Thus a plain blue back with a white label, enclosing pages of merely readable type, has been held artistic. And the reign of the sham-pretty book—the tiny pocketable volume or the pretentious, extravagantly margined tome is not yet over. There are poets whose books sell, not for the intrinsic excellence of the verse, but because a right arrangement of type and margin has pleased the more educated and talkative, and then the people whose business it is to be receptive follow them and buy.

Here, then, is the explanation. The short novel is the novel that the necessity of the time demands. But classics must be decently reproduced. Our printers have taught us that the densely packed page of the cheap re-issue is a weariness to the eyes and a burden to the taste. So library editions come out in a fair and decent guise, and in more volumes than one.—*Pall Mall Budget.*

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An Explanation.

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"Why?" asked Stillon.

"A man of my habits doesn't care to wear a reptile on his head."

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The Old Settler.

"Major," said Sol, the landlord, one evening "after the Old Settler had got himself nicely fixed in his customary corner by the big fireplace, "It's ben more'n a coon's age since I've heard a b'ar story, good, bad, or t'otherwise. What's the reason ye can't give us a leetle b'ar hist'ry t'night? You've ben consid'able 'mongst b'ar, I take it. You've handled 'em some, hain't ye?"

"Handled 'em some!" exclaimed the Old Settler. "Handled b'ars! Why, consarn it, Sol, if one-quarter o' the b'ars that I've handled an' shuck the everlastin' gizzard out of could come back to-day, either with their hides an' taller on or jist ez spooks, I'm afear'd they'd hef to crowd theselves wuss'n folks goin' to a circus 'fore they could find room enough in the hull durn county, b'gosh, to set their feet on! I've handled b'ars some! Wull, mebbe! An' I want to tell ye, I've handled 'em pooty rough, too. I feel sorry sometimes when I git a-thinkin' how I usety clutch 'em an' rattle 'em an' shake 'em outen their boots. It's a wonder they don't come back, some on 'em, an' ha'n't me till I can't sleep. Yes, Solomon, I've ben consid'able 'mongst b'ar, I think. I ben 'mongst 'em worse'n a hurricane 'mongst the hemlocks, b'gosh! If ye ever happen to meet any loose b'ars around the kentry an' want'er hev some fun jist ast 'em if they ever heard o' me, and the way them b'ar 'll drop their tails an' pull fer kiver 'll 'most kill ye larfin'!"

"Ye don't meanter say that the b'ars knows ye, major!" exclaimed the landlord.

"Wull, Solomon," replied the Old Settler, "b'ars hain't no durn fools, an' things is handed down from generation to generation 'mongst b'ars. Now, I hain't handled no b'ar fer ten years. Ye mow't 'a' noticed that b'ars is a heap plentier now than they was ten year ago. I usety handle the ancistors of a good many o' the present generation o' b'ars, an' the way I usety do it has been handed down, an' consequently hain't been forgot. Do they know me? I'll tell ye sumpin', Solomon, an' then ye can judge fer yerself wuther they know me or not. Only t'other day Bill Jaffy come to my house, an' he says to me:

"Major," says he, 'ye've saved my life!'

"Gosh't'mighty, Bill!" I says, eyelin' him pooty sharp, fer I thort he were a leetle jiggered. "Bill," I says, 'I hope ye hain't ben amperin' with rum and tansy ag'in?' I says.

"Not a durn drop!" says Bill. 'Though not but what I'd be willin' to say he.

"Then," says I, 'what a ye comin' here with setch a crazy sayin' ez that, says I, 'bout me savin' yer life!'

"'Cause ye hev," says Bill. 'I'd 'a' ben eet by a b'ar if it hain't ben fer ye,' he says.

"William," says I, 'spine ye, b'gosh,' says I. 'I hain't tuck no hand with a b'ar fer ten years,' says I.

"Mebbe ye think so," says Bill, 'but ye hev. An' ye took a durn good hand with one only yist'day,' says he. 'An' when I meet ye at the tavern,' says he, 'I'm gointer treat ye to the best tha' is,' says he.

"Wull, William," says I, wantin' to humor him, fer I thort sure he'd ben tuck loony, 'I'm goin' right over that way now,' says I.

"I hain't got time now," says Bill, 'but I mus' tell ye how ye saved my life. I'd ben seein' sign o' b'ar over on the creek,' says he, 'an' yist'day I shouldered my gun an' went over to gether him. I run ag'in him sooner'n I 'spect,' says Bill, 'but I plinked him one, an' fer I could plink him ag'in he were inter me fer a rassel. I had to 'commode him,' says Bill, 'but we hadn't scattered things around fer more'n a minute 'fore I found that I were wrong in my ca'culation, an' that 'ted o' me gether in the b'ar, the b'ar were gointer gether me in. In another minute,' says Bill, 'my ol' woman'd 'ben a widdir,' says he, 'but suddently I happened to think o' sumpin', an' says to myself that I'd try it an' see how it'd work. So, says Bill, 'I jist made one awash an' broke loose from the b'ar, an' hollers out:

"Glor'y!" I hollers. "Here's Silie Giles!"

"Major," says Bill, 'when I hollered out your name like that, ye jist orter see that b'ar! He jumped back an' his hair stood on end, an' his eyes hung out like knobs on a bureau. He shivered an' shuck, says Bill, 'an' then he jist wrighted down, kivered his face with his paws an' bellered right out, ez much ez to say, 'Tain't no use; I'm a goner now!' Major, says Bill, 'I felt so durn sorry fer that b'ar that I come nigh walkin' away without killin' him, but then I happened to think ag'in, an' I says:

"No," I says. "That won't do. Like ez not the b'ar 'll tackle some un else ez don't know that jist mentionin' Silie Giles's name 'll skeer him inter connipitions," I says, "an' their blood 'll be on my hands," I says.

"So, says Bill, 'I put him outen his mis'ry, an' kin home feelin' that it wa'n't me ez killed the b'ar, but that it were you, Major, an' that's the way ye saved my life!' said Bill.

"Wull, Solomon," said the Old Settler, smiling blandly, after a moment's pause, "do ye gather from this that the b'ars know me, or do they?"

"Wull, I should say so!" was the landlord's reply, somewhat non-committal, but hearty.

"Did ye ever see b'ars fight painters, Major?"

"Humph! Acres on 'em!" exclaimed the Old Settler.

"Does b'ars ever fight b'ars?"

"Tremenjus! Gosh't'mighty, Sol! What b'ar fights I've see 'twixt b'ars and b'ars!"

"I don't 'pose snakes an' b'ars ever fights one another, though, Major! Course not."

"They don't! Who were tellin' ye they didn't, Solomon? Oh, no! Snakes an' b'ars never fights! Gosh't'mighty, no! Ye mow't ez well 'spect to see sels an' mully steers fight ez snakes an' b'ars! To be sure!"

"And the Old Settler sniffed contemptuously.

"Course ye didn't never see a snake an' a b'ar fight, Major!" said the landlord.

"I didn't!" asserted the Old Settler. "I didn't! Say, Sol, if the squire were here, an' it were him ez said that 'ted o' ye, I'd give him setch a settin' out ez'd make him wish that he'd ben born a hundred year ago, b'gosh't'mighty, so's he couldn't 'a' lived to see the day! I didn't never see a snake an' a b'ar fight, hey! Why, say, Sol! The liveliest circus I ever see in the wild wilderness o' Sugar Swamp, an' one that had a wind-up so onmercerful an' startlin' that it makes me shudder all down the spine o' my back ev'ry time I think

An Apology to the Women of Canada.

There was the notion that a woman's life had broader out look than the embroidery frame, or the sentimental novel. It was hard to make the world believe that.

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about it, were a nip-an-tuck set-to fer blood an' hair 'twixt a permiss'ous passel o' snakes an' a b'ar that were a leetle slow o' ketchin' holt o' the sittuation, but that grabbed holt on it at both ends when he did ketch it! If I should live to be ez old ez Methusalem himself, Sol, I wouldn't want to see another scrimmage setch ez that un were! No, sir! Not fer a b'ar! O' rum an' two acres o' tansy!"

"If you had a leetle spectment o' them decoctions, Major," hinted Sol, "mebbe ye could remember the p'int in that tussel sumpin' better, an' give us a hist'ry o' it."

"That mow't make it stan' out more," said the Old Settler.

He tried it, anyhow, and "threwed his mem'ry back."

"If ye don't know it, Sol, ye'd orter," said he, "that when snakes bunks in fer winterin' over they hain't p'ticlar what each other's names is or whar they come from. Snakes that's p'ison an' snakes that's unp'ison all turns in together like lovin' brethren, though durn the summer the p'ison fellers an' the unp'ison fellers has an ugly grudge ag'in one another, enough to make a human beln' weep. But when cold weather comes along an' the snakes begins to hunt fer their dens all o' them grudges seems to be dropped an' rattlesnakes, an' blacksnakes, an' milk snakes, an' blowin' adders, an' garter snakes, an' copperheads, an' hoop snakes, an' all kind o' snakes, them with juice in their jaws that'll kill a bull, an' them that's ez harmless ez suckin' doves, holes in together, an' twists their sels inter big balls ez lovin' an' tender ez pieces o' ribbon tied inter a true lovers' knot. I've seen bunches o' snakes, b'gosh, tied up bigger'n a bushel basket, layin' out in front o' their dens on nice sunny October days, an' I've thrashed enough rattlesnakes outen them heaps to make a b'ar! o' oil!"

"One October, 'long to'ards the latter end o' the month, I were takin' a leetle jog through the woods in the Sugar Swamp deestrle, not p'ticlar lookin' fer b'ar, but not by no means a ca'culation, if I did see one, to shet my eyes an' hold my breath till he passed by. The day were warm, an' about noon I rather wished I'd 'a' shouldered my flail 'stid o' my gun, fer I know'd where I could go an' gether in a big crop o' snake oil. I kinder jagged over to the spot, anyhow, an' ez I were drawin' nigh the den in the rocks, I see a pooty good-sized b'ar lookin' the rocks over in a slow an' easy way, an' I know'd to wunst that he were pickin' himself out a place to hole up in the comin' winter, though it wa'n't time fer him to bunk in yet, not fer a good while. I stopp'd an' watched the b'ar a spell, an' pooty soon what he do he do he slide hiself inter a big hole in the rocks without takin' the trouble to knock or nothin'."

"Mr. B'ar," says I, pooty nigh larfin' right out, 'if the interestin' family that ginerly rents them premises is occupyin' of it now, an' is to home,' says I, 'I've a sort o' notion that ye'll git a welcome in there that'll be apt to be a sprize party to ye; leastways,' says I, 'if I know snakes ye will.'

"I hadn't hardly got through whisperin' o' that when I heard the sort o' an'ort that a b'ar gits rid of when he wants to be understood, b'gosh, that he hain't pleased a durn bit, an' the nex' second the b'ar come outen the hole back'ards, an' a leavin' no doubt that he were comin' out in a big hurry. He wa'n't long a gittin' out, an' he were the smallestest lookin' bein' I ever sot eyes on. Hangin' to his nose were an all-slammin' big rattlesnake, an' another un were danglin' from one o' the b'ar's ears. A blacksnake, that must 'a' ben more'n ten foot long, were

twisted round the b'ar's body from his hind legs up to his neck, like a big grapevine round a tree. The blacksnakes were jist more'n squeeze in the b'ar, fer the b'ar's tongue stuck out an' his eyes were bulgin'. Follerin' the percession kin a passel o' copperheads an' more blacksnakes, an' a rattlin' and sissin' congerization o' rattlesnakes, an' ev'ry durn sarprint were madder'n the earache. The copperheads 'd dash up an' give the b'ar a dip with their fiery teeth, any place where they could git a dip in, an' the rattlers'd slide along, curl up quicker'n a flash, and sock two or three mouthfuls o' hot p'ison inter him, here an' there an' ev'rywhere. The blacksnakes flopped an' danced an' jumped around the b'ar like wild Injuns, twistin' about him an' entwistin', an' givin' him a choke an' a squeeze at ev'ry turn."

"It were ez plain ez the nose on yer face, Sol, that the poor b'ar hadn't never ben tackled by snakes afore, an' fust along he didn't seem to know how to handle hisself."

"Gosh! I says, 'This hain't hardly a fair shake! But,' says I, 'it hain't none o' my funer! I won't mix myself up in the row,' I says. 'Let 'em salt their own pork,' I says."

"But pooty soon I see that the b'ar were gittin' his dander up. The big blacksnake that were squeeze in him ez if he were in a vice were jist about to give the screws a turn that'd a squashed the b'ar's ribs, sure ez guns, when the b'ar took a hand in the muss himself. He grabbed that big blacksnake with his fore-paws, snatched it offen him in a jiffy, an' snapped it inter more'n twenty chunks 'fore I could 'a' said 'bang!' Then he reached fer the rattlesnake that were chawin' at his nose, an' fer the one that were workin' a hole through his ear, an' slatted 'em inter mush ag'in the rocks. Then he backed up ag'in a tree, an' I know'd the fun were gointer open. He reached out an' snatched two blacksnakes, each by the head, one in his right paw an' t'other un in his left. Sol, he used 'em snakes, an' the littlest o' 'em wasn't an inch less'n eight feet long, jist like a mule driver'd use his whip. He cracked 'em around like mad, an' ev'ry time he give a cut with one, off went the head o' a rattler or a copperhead, or another blacksnake, jist ez sure ez the b'ar cut an' slashed. The b'ar kep' that snake whip-lash o' his'n a-snappin' an' crackin' fer more'n fifteen minutes, an' snakeheads was scattered around like chips from a chopplin', till thar wa'n't another snake left o' the hull den, leastways not unless he had turned tail an' tuck to the woods. Then the b'ar quit cuttin' an' slashin'. His two blacksnake whips was slatted out an' consid'able slimpay, an' the b'ar broke 'em inter bits an' slung 'em around permiss'ous. I've seen a good many excitin' an' half-rasin' recreations in the woods, Solomon, but that air were a leetle half-rasin'—that an' what follered."

"Arter the b'ar had kinder looked over the battelfield a little, he turned around and clumb the tree. He went way up an' stretched hisself on a branch. I watched him a minute, an' then I says:

"He's too durn tired to ever git rested to-day, I says. 'I guess I better give him rest right away by puttin' some lead in him,' I says. 'I hauled up to do it, when the b'ar begun to do sumpin' that skeert me. He were swellin'. He got bigger an' bigger. I could actu'ly see him grow, Sol!"

"Gosh't'mighty!" I says. 'He'll be bigger'n a cow if he don't quit!' I says. 'He kep' on growin' an' growin' fer a couple o' minutes, an' then all o' a sudden he rolled off the branch an' kin tumblin' to the ground. He struck kep'up on his

back. He were bigger around, Sol, than a fifty-gallon bar'l, an' his four legs stuck up in the air, jist like the legs of a sawhoss, an' jist ez stiff. His eyes hung out on his nose, an' looked like goose eggs. There never were a b'ar so turble dead ez that b'ar were. Natur'ly not, 'cause it hain't no way likely that tha' ever were a b'ar so chuckin' an' runnin' over with snake p'ison ez this un were. It were slow a-takin', but when it took it had took amazin'—all over an' to wunst. It were a tetchin' sight, an' I rolled the unfortinit b'ar down the hill inter the swamp. I gathered up around there, Sol, enough rattlers that he had snapped the heads off to bile out three gallons an' a half o' the cholest kind o' oil, an' if tha' had been any p'int in doin' of it, I could 'a' picked up a bushel o' blacksnakes an' other snakeheads—showin', b'gosh, that snakes an' b'ar don't only fight, but that they fight fer keeps, Solomon! But I wouldn't look at that scene in the wild wilderness o' Sugar Swamp ag'in, not fer another bar'l o' rum an' another acre o' tansy."

But when he looked closer to see how this last reference struck the landlord, and found that he was sound as sleep, the Old Settler looked pained, and went home without saying good night.—Ed. Mott in N. Y. Sun.

She said So.

It is one of the disadvantages of kings and queens that their loyal subjects do not consider it proper to tell them the truth.

The Queen of Saxony, we are told, has no children of her own, but is very fond of other people's children, especially if they are pretty. Some time ago, while walking in the park in Dresden, she met a nurse in charge of two little children and stopped to admire the rosy babies.

"They are twins, are they not?" said the Queen.

"Yes, please your Majesty," answered the nurse.

"I suppose their papa is very fond of them?"

"This little boy's papa is, but that little boy's papa died a month ago."

"But I thought you said they were twins?"

"Your Majesty said they were and I didn't think it right to contradict the Queen."—The Youth's Companion.

Advertising a la Mode.

A lady, blonde, refined, accomplished in Celtic ballads, desires an appointment to cook in the family of a gentleman of social and political influence, whose wife's receiving days do not conflict with her own. Children's and guests' meals extra. Would remain not less than three years if satisfied. References exchanged. 4 Mulligan Place, Murphy's Bell.

Why He Thought So.

Teacher—Who was Diogenes? Tommy Traddell's—Please, ma'am; he was a celebrated Englishman.

"How in the world did you get that impression?"

"Why, he was so fond of his tub!"

California and Mexico.

The Wabash Railway have now on sale round trip tickets at very low rates to southern points, including Old Mexico and California. The only line that can take tourists via Detroit through St. Louis and Kansas City and return them via Chicago and vice versa. Finest equipped trains on earth, passing through six states of the Union. Spend a winter in Mexico, the land of the Aztecs and Toltecs; finest climate and scenery in the world and older than Egypt. Time tables and all information about side trip at new ticket office, north-east corner King and Yonge streets. J. A. Richardson, Canadian passenger agent, Toronto.

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The West Shore through sleeping car leaves Union Station, Toronto, at 4:55 p.m. daily, except Sunday, arriving in New York at 10:10 a.m. Returning, this car leaves New York at 5 p.m., arriving in Toronto at 10:25 a.m. Sundays leaves Toronto at 12:50 p.m.

An Unkind Insinuation.

"I like to sit before a fire and write," said the Post.

"Yes; it must be pleasant for a manufacturer to have a consumer constantly before him," returned the Cynic.

New Facts About the Dakotas

Is the title of the latest illustrated pamphlet issued by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway regarding those growing states, whose wonderful crops the past season have attracted the attention of the whole country. It is full of facts of special interest for all not satisfied with their present location. Send to A. J. Taylor, Canadian Passenger Agent, 4 Palmer House Block, Toronto, Ont., for a copy free of expense.

An Adept At That.

Anxious father—Does Frank display any artistic ability? Can he draw anything? Master—Yes, there is one thing he can draw in artistic style. Anxious father—What's that. Master—A cork.



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Music.



THE second quarterly concert for the present season of the Toronto Conservatory of Music was held in Association Hall on Thursday evening of last week. The large hall was filled in every part by a musically representative audience, who enthusiastically applauded the various numbers presented. The programme included several novel features, the most notable of which was Haydn's string quartette in C major, which was played in a thoroughly artistic manner by four pupils of the institution. Organ solos by Salome and Dubois were rendered in brilliant style by Mr. W. H. Hewlett, Jr. Piano numbers were contributed by Misses Ada M. Sydney, Lila Carsa, Maud Gordon, A.T.C. M., Louie Reeve, A.T.C.M., Julia F. McBrien, and Mrs. M. D. Barr. The programme also contained several concerted numbers for strings and pianos, including Grieg's sonata for violin and piano, which received an excellent interpretation at the hands of Misses Hayes and Reeve, and the beautiful trio for piano, cello and violin, op. 25, by Sterndale Bennett, which with Miss Ruby Preston at the piano and Messrs. Dinelli and Bailey at the cello and violin respectively, proved one of the most effective numbers of the evening. Vocal numbers were rendered by Misses Marjory Ratcliffe, Clara Rothwell, Edith Miller, A. T. C. M., and Messrs. D. F. McGuire and J. Martin. The elocutionary department of the Conservatory was represented by Mrs. Fanny Seale Anthony, who gave an excellent rendition of the Legend of Van Bidden's Rock.

On the same evening an interesting piano-forte recital was given in Moulton Ladies' College, Bloor street, by Miss Florence M. Johnson of Seaford, a pupil of the college, assisted by Miss Nelle Howes of Chicago, soprano, a former student at the same institution of learning. Miss Johnson's numbers comprised selections by Beethoven, Godard, Delibes, Grieg, Liszt and Bach, in all of which the young pianist gave evidences of undoubted talent, displaying at the same time an excellent technique and an intelligent appreciation of the different schools of music represented on the programme. The large audience present gave hearty expressions of their pleasure by recalling Miss Johnson after several of her selections. A graceful feature of the evening's proceedings was the presentation of several magnificent floral tributes to Miss Johnson by the boarding and day pupils of the college, a practical testimony of the young lady's popularity among her classmates as well as a tribute to her musical ability. Excellent assistance was rendered Miss Johnson by the vocalist of the evening, Miss Howes, who created considerable enthusiasm among the audience by her excellent singing of the numbers allotted to her, particularly effective being her expressive interpretation of Bohm's beautiful song, Calm as the Night. Miss Howes possesses an excellent soprano voice of good compass, her singing being characterized by much expression, admirable technique and tone intonation. The recital as a whole proved one of the most pleasant entertainments ever given at Moulton College and reflected the highest credit on all concerned.

The small audiences which turned out to hear the famous Dutch artists, Johannes Wolff and Joseph Hollman, on Friday and Saturday of last week, certainly made up in enthusiasm what they lacked in numbers. It is doubtful whether a more thoroughly enjoyable concert has been given in Toronto for years, and it is regrettable that the support and encouragement accorded on this occasion by our citizens should create a feeling of doubt as to our claims to be considered a music-loving community. Notwithstanding the spontaneous and unstinted praise accorded these artists by Saturday's press after their first concert, the attendance at their second appearance was a repetition of the beggarly support of the previous night. Added to the chilling effect of a small audience, the winter winds played hide-and-seek through the old Pavilion on Saturday afternoon in a manner sufficient to dishearten the bravest of those present. The unusual excellence of the performance, however, made ample amends for the discomfort of the occasion and more enthusiastic or delighted handfuls of people have seldom met together than the audience which warmed up so surprisingly under the inspiration of the splendid performances of Messrs. Wolff and Hollman at these concerts. Of the two artists the cellist, Mr. Hollman, awakened the greater interest. A grander tone than that produced from his superb cello I have never heard anywhere. This was perhaps shown to best advantage in the andante of the Gollermann Concerto, the marvelously rich tone produced filling every part of the barn-like Pavilion with its thrilling expressiveness. The violinist, Mr. Wolff, like his colleague, won his way to the hearts of his hearers by the same honest playing which characterized all their efforts. Splendid technique, correct intonation and an entire absence of clap-trap in order to gain desired effects rendered the playing of these artists a genuine and unusual treat. Messrs. Vert and Harries, the impresarios to whose enterprise we are indebted for the appearance of these two Dutch artists, will hardly venture a similar experiment in Toronto again, unless indeed a guarantee list is first canvassed for. By sopranos and minstrel shows my attract by virtue of their sensational features, but genuine art requires to be boomed in this country and much depends upon the manner of the management of such enterprises. In Montreal, where Mr. Harries is well acquainted with the best methods to secure desired financial results, this same concert attraction is said to have been an unqualified success financially. In Toronto, where the enterprise was allowed to take care of itself, although very liberally advertised, the result was a complete financial failure. On the other hand, the Seidl concert given here under the management of Messrs. Suckling & Sons resulted in a handsome surplus, whereas the Montreal concerts by the same organization, which were not specially "worked up" and canvassed for,

were given to empty benches. Of course all this is a sad reflection on our powers of discrimination as a people, but nevertheless the fact exists and managers who depend upon the artistic culture of our people to serve as a guarantee for adequate patronage to deserving musical enterprises are, as a rule, sadly deceived. I must not forget to mention in connection with these concerts the excellent support accorded the principal artists by the two vocalists, Madam Moody-Manners and Mr. Charles Manners, respectively late prima donna of the leading English opera companies and leading bass of the same. The accompanist, Mr. Otto A. Graff, performed his duties with excellent skill and judgment throughout, contributing much to the success of the concerts.

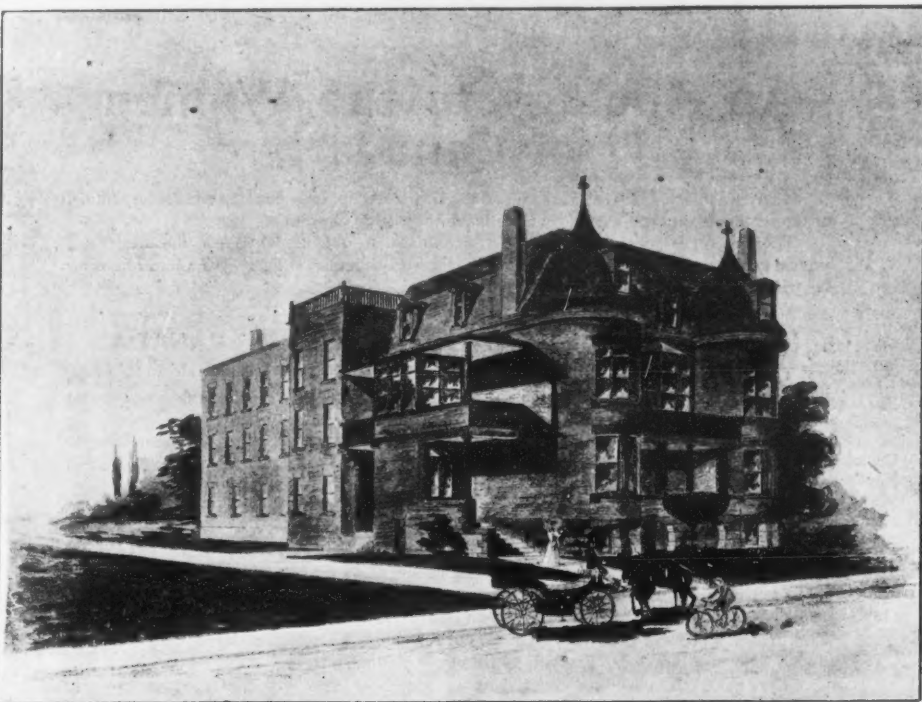
The report of the committee appointed by the Philharmonic Society to investigate the chances for a well balanced chorus being secured within the society for the World's Fair trip, recommend that the idea be abandoned, it having been found impossible to obtain the consent of a requisite number of voices or the proportion of parts necessary for satisfactory work. As the conductor, Mr. Torrington, rightly declines to participate in the proposed visit if a well appointed chorus cannot be secured, the prospects for representation at Chicago are meagre, unless that portion of the Philharmonic Society which can make it convenient to take part be reinforced by outsiders capable of rendering the desired aid. In view of the Ottawa and Montreal Philharmonic Societies declining to accept the invitation of the World's Fair Music Bureau to represent their respective cities in the musical festivities of the Exposition, the only hope for Canadian representation centers in Toronto. The editor of the *Canadian Musician* professes to have discovered in these columns a "prognostication" of failure to raise a chorus because of the other societies having been ignored in the original arrangement. The opinion expressed by Metronome in a recent issue regarding the improbability of the other societies disarranging their work at this late season to take part in a general chorus for Chicago, contained no prophecy of "failure" on the part of the Philharmonic Society to carry out the scheme. On the contrary, the belief was expressed that the characteristic enterprise of the Pioneer Society would likely surmount any possible difficulties and that the Chicago excursion would be undertaken. Should this be the case, SATURDAY NIGHT trusts that the scheme will be carried out in a manner which will reflect credit upon the society, the city and the country.

An interesting Lenten Musical Service will be given during Good Friday week in the Church of the Redeemer, Bloor street, by the choir of the church under the direction of Mr. Walter H. Robinson. On this occasion the sacred cantata *Bethany* will be rendered, a work which was originally produced at the Gloucester Triennial Musical Festival of 1889. The music is by Dr. C. Lee Williams, organist of Gloucester Cathedral, and the libretto is from the pen of Mr. Joseph Bennett, who selected as his theme the last visit of our Lord to the house of Martha and Mary, hence the name of the work *The Last Night in Bethany*.

Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, who visits Kingston weekly as instructor of music in an Anglican college in that place, has been appointed organist and choirmaster of the Congregational church of the Limestone city.

Mr. Fisher's clever cantata *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, of which mention has already been made in this column, will be produced during the second week in May. Miss Hillary's Ladies' Choral Club are enthusiastically engaged in overcoming the many difficulties of the work, and confidently anticipate scoring a great triumph on this occasion. Invitations will be issued by the club to their friends and the public, the net proceeds of the performance to be divided between the Sick Children's Hospital and the Nursing Art Home Mission. This will be one of the most important musical

Presbyterian Ladies' College.



This institution, taking advantage of the superior educational facilities afforded by the City of Toronto, has gained for itself a prominent place among our educational institutions. In the recent additions and improvements, two main features were kept in view, to preserve the elements of a private residence, thus affording the young ladies the social life of the home, and to make such provisions for class work as to make the school and home life distinct. The location is most beautiful, on Bloor street, facing the Queen's Park, with its new Parliament Buildings, Victoria University and University College. An efficient staff of teachers in the Literary Department; Science Department under the charge of the Rev. John Stenhouse, M.A., B.Sc., Edin.; Art, T. M. Martin, R.C.A.; Music Department in connection with the Conservatory of Music, Mr. Edward Fisher, Director.

Pupils are received at any time in the order of their applications when vacancies occur. The NEW TERM BEGINS APRIL 14th. Catalogues, Forms of Application, and all necessary information may be obtained from the Principal, T. M. MACINTYRE M.A., LL.B., Ph.D.

events of this season and one which every lover of music will do well to bear in mind.

An interesting concert which gladdened the heart of many a Scotchman was that given in Association Hall on Tuesday evening last, by the choir of Westminster Presbyterian church. This choir under the direction of Mr. Alex. Gorrie has attained to a very commendable proficiency in unaccompanied part singing, of which their rendition of a number of arrangements of Scottish folk songs bore ample testimony. Scotland has much to be proud of, but in nothing can she feel a more justifiable pride than in the beautiful ballads which are the envy of other nations. Besides chorus arrangements as rendered by the choir, solos were sung by Miss Agnes Forbes, Miss Bauld, Mr. Fred Warrington, and Mr. Gorrie. The numerous encores demanded of these soloists testified to the delight of their hearers. Miss McGillivray's recitations proved an enjoyable feature of the evening's programme. Particularly effective was her dramatic rendition of *The Island of Scots*, which won for her an enthusiastic recall. Several violin solos, contributed by Miss Lena Hayes, were heartily applauded by the audience, especially an arrangement of *The Blue Bells of Scotland*, which naturally aroused the sympathies of the sons of Scotia present. The accompaniments were judiciously played by Miss Marion Ferguson, the capable organist of the Westminster church.

The work of excavation of the Massey Memorial Music Hall will be commenced in the near future. An excellent site has been chosen on the south-west corner of Shuter and Victoria streets. I am pleased to learn that Mr. Massey has made provision for the placing of a magnificent pipe organ in the edifice, without which the structure would not be complete from a musical standpoint. I trust that some wealthy music-lover will soon come forward with a proposal to furnish a suitable instrument in the new Music Hall, so that little time may be lost in placing the order in the organ-builder's hands in order to secure the completion of the instrument by the date of the dedication of the hall.

Mr. Frederick Boscovitz, the well known pianist, has accepted the offer of an important position in Chicago and leaves for that city within a few weeks. Mr. Boscovitz purposes giving a farewell piano recital in the theater of the Normal School on Thursday, March 23rd, on which occasion the hall will no doubt be well filled by his friends and admirers. Subscribers' names can be taken at Nordheimer's.

Miss Lilli Kleiser has been engaged to assist James Whitcomb Riley, the celebrated dialect poet, who is to appear in the Pavilion on Thursday, March 16, in connection with Kleiser's Star Course.

The next concert of the Toronto Vocal Society is announced for April 27, and will prove one of the strongest attractions of the season. Besides the Damrosch orchestra, which delighted so many last season in the Grand Opera, the soloists engaged are: Miss Lillian Blauvelt, prima donna soprano from the Royal Opera, Brussels, and Miss Evelyn de Latre Street of Toronto, solo violinist, who has just returned from Leipzig after five years of successful study there.

Quebec.

The annual tournament of the Canadian Chess Association will occur at Quebec on April 3. There will be three prizes competed for as well as the trophy. His Excellency the Governor-General is patron of the association, and the honorary presidents are H. A. Howe, L.L.D., Montreal, and T. L. Drott, Quebec. The officers are: President, A. Robertson of Quebec; vice-presidents, Prof. Darcy of Montreal, Mr. J. E. Narraway of Ottawa, and Mr. W. H. Boulton of Toronto; managing committee, Messrs. C. P. Champion, D. R. McLeod, E. Pope, M. J. Murphy of Quebec, R. Short and G. Barry of Montreal, Thomas Taylor of Ottawa and H. Crawfords of Barrie. Mr. Charles M. Brodie of Quebec is secretary-treasurer.

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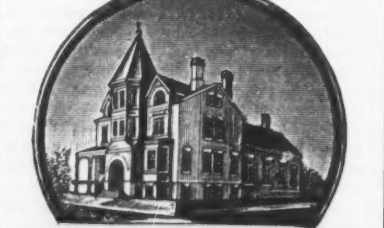
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MR. HARRY M. FIELD, PIANO VIRTUOSO, HAS returned from a two year's residence in Germany, where he has been studying with Professor Martin Krause, the greatest and most famous teacher in Europe. Mr. Field also studied from '94 to '98 with Dr. Prof. Carl Reinecke in Leipzig and had the rare advantage of a course with Dr. Hans von Bulow, in Frankfurt in '97. Concert engagements and pupils accepted. For terms apply at Toronto College of Music and 106 Gloucester street.

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Social and Personal.

Continued from Page Four.

and Miss Gooderham, who wore a flame-colored gown, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Blackstock, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Beatty, Mrs. and the Misses Wilkes, Mr. and Miss Ellis, Col. and Miss Dawson, the lady looking sweetly pretty, Major and Mrs. Cooby, and Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis were among the hundreds of fashionable folk present.

On Thursday evening, April 27, the Toronto Vocal Society will give one of the finest concerts ever presented to the Toronto public. The splendid chorus of the society will be assisted by the New York Symphony Orchestra, Mr. Walter Damrosch, conductor, by Miss Lillian Blauvelt, prima donna soprano of the Theater de la Monnaie, Brussels, and by Miss Evelyn de Castro Street of Toronto, who has just returned from five years' study in Europe and who is looked upon as one of the most promising young violinists of the day.

Mr. and Mrs. Goulding of 57 St. George street leave to-day for a four weeks' trip by S. S. Britannia to the West Indies. Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher will reside at St. George street during Mrs. Goulding's absence.

Queen City Fire Insurance Company.

We direct attention to the annual report of the Queen City Fire Insurance Company in another column of this issue. The financial statements there placed before the public show this company to be in a position that must be gratifying to the directors and satisfactory to the shareholders. The ratio of surplus assets to the amount of risks in force is the highest of any fire insurance company doing business in Canada. The public will be interested in knowing that this company, organized in 1871, has never yet contested a claim in court. The success attendant on last year's business was such as to warrant the declaring of a dividend of twenty-five per cent., and in addition a further bonus dividend equal thereto. The management is under the direction of Messrs. Scott & Walmesley, underwriters.

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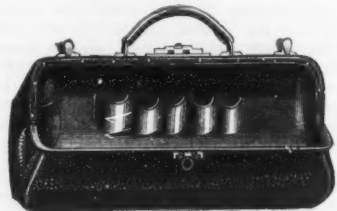
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Broadcloth and doe skin have absolutely disappeared, and the rich, hard woven diagonals have given place to the rough finished Cheviot and Venetian finished worsteds that have been the universal finish in London and New York.

The present mode of the make up requires that the lapels of the coat should be faced with heavy black gros grain silk, but tailors who consider fine points of fit line the body of the coat with satin de chine, as the satin fits closer and firmer and the coat slips on easier.

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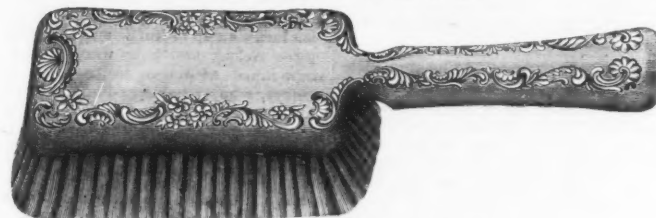
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UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

A meeting of the Glee Club the other day Prof. Hutton and Mr. H. R. Fairclough delivered addresses, urging upon the members the advisability of them joining with the Classical Association in the undertaking to produce next fall the Greek poet Sophocles' play, *Antigone*. The Classical Association has been in favor of this undertaking for some time, and the Glee Club will on Monday next discuss the matter and probably decide what action they will take.

At the last meeting of the Engineering Society of the School of Practical Science the corresponding secretary read a short but interesting paper from Mr. T. K. Thompson on Calculation of Bridge Stresses by Diagrams. Mr. Duff, B.A., explaining several of the knotty points which came up for discussion. Mr. MacFarlane then read his paper on The Nickel Industry of Sudbury. The writer of the paper was able to go into details, as he has spent several months in the Sudbury district. His paper was accordingly all the more useful to the members of the society.

The annual meeting of the Glee Club will be held on Monday next. At the nominations the following elections and proposals resulted: Honorary president, W. R. P. Parker, '95 (acclamation); president, A. L. McAllister, '94; treasurer, Messrs. Blythe, Pease and Knox, all of '94; secretary, Messrs. McKay and Wilson, '95; curator, Messrs. Brown and White, '96; pianist, Messrs. Blythe and Cameron; councilors—'94, Messrs. McMillan, Lash, Fry, Bigelow, Sissons and Trotter; '95, Messrs. Fielding, N. Lash, Boyd and Laton; '96, Messrs. Fitzsymons, Eby, Young and Lander. Two councilors are to be chosen from each year, and the defeated candidates for treasurer and secretary will also be voted on for councilors.

Messrs. W. E. Linglebach, Harry Ralph, G. M. Ferris, W. J. Knox, W. B. Hendry, M. McKinnon, J. N. McArthur and Devenay are the directors appointed for the 'Varsity during the ensuing year.

The executive committee of the new Athletic Association is as follows: Messrs. J. D. Webster, W. E. Linglebach, D. M. Duncan, Sheppard, W. B. Hendry, W. E. Burns, Allan Shore, Merrick and McKinnon. It is anticipated that this association will give new life and vigor to athletics.

Prof. W. H. VanderSmisson gave his first of two lectures on Faust on Saturday last in the western examination hall.

To-day at three p.m. G. H. Needler, B.A., Ph.D., will deliver a public lecture in the examination hall, University College, on The Nibelungenlied.

The 'Varsity appears to be flourishing. Last week it contained a page advertisement of a New York College. This was the second instalment of the ad. Two pages from one institution is not so bad for the business manager and his assistant.

By the time this is being read by the public the smoke of battle will be scented from far and near at 'Varsity, for a Literary Society election must be held or the nursery of orators will pass into oblivion. When two parties are formed by mutual consent the one will look for a policy in the mistakes of the other and vice versa.

OLD VICTORIA.

Victoria is able to support two societies for debating and other purposes, and in fact so numerous are the orators that there seems room for another society or two. The Literary Society has decided that the subject for the prize orator shall be Patriotism. It is to be hoped that those who have views of their own on such a question will not be threatened with expulsion. Perhaps, however, the members are all English and love British fair play and maintain liberty of speech, and expulsion will not take place. The Mock Parliament session was opened by Mr. G. A. McIntosh introducing a measure for the abolition of separate schools. He was supported by Messrs. E. M. J. Burwash and H. Spence, while Messrs. E. R. Young, F. W. Hollinrake, and J. G. Bowles unsuccessfully opposed the Government. The society has a surplus of one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

Members of the Gwinne Society of the Central Methodist Church paid a friendly visit to the Jackson Society of Victoria College the other evening. Among them were a number of ladies and all were cordially received. The Glee Club rendered a musical selection, and Mr. Reesor read an instructive paper on Time. Next came a chorus by the ladies, and following this came the debate on: "Resolved, that the present system of credit is injurious." Messrs. Wilson and Patterson of Gwinne sustained the affirmative, and Conly and Osterhout the negative. Mr. Casson and Miss Coulter sang solos. Mr. Leigh gave a reading, and Mr. Beavis gave an exhibition of club-swinging. Mr. Anderson is president of the visiting society.

KNOX COLLEGE.

Rev. Principal Caven, Knox College, had as the subject of a lecture in convocation hall the other evening, Palestine. The Principal last year took a trip to the East and visited the Holy Land. By his learning and travel he was able to make a most interesting address. He has an entertaining method of handling his subject and always lends to it a dignity which is charming to all.

EVANGELISTIC WYCLIFFE.

Wycliffe College devotes much time and energy to the cultivation of the missionary spirit and her meetings are invariably well attended. At the last monthly educational meeting Rev. Prof. DuVernet presided and Mrs. Renaud read a paper full of interesting facts on The Missionary Diocese of Algoma. The article was much appreciated. Dr. W. Warren Baldwin contributed a paper on Medical Missions, and in his absence it was read by Rev. T. R. O'Meara. It dealt largely with the work in China, Siam and Corea.

At the annual missionary meeting Mr.

Stapleton Caldecott presided. Mr. G. A. Rix, president, read a paper on The Work of the Society, and Mr. N. I. Perry, B.A., had as the subject of a paper by himself The Heroic in the Early Centuries of Christianity. Rev. Dean W. H. Wade of Hamilton delivered a stirring address on missions and a successful annual meeting was brought to a close.

ADAM RUFUS.

At Old McGill.

IT HAS been announced that the University has decided that all students entering the professional faculties must have previously taken a course in arts. The importance of this decision cannot be too highly valued. The professions are, as all know, overcrowded, and none but fully competent men should be admitted to them. Therefore, a man that has had the advantage of an arts course and been thoroughly drilled in its several departments, many of which are absolutely necessary to the professions, has a great advantage over the man who enters his profession comparatively raw. Whether the full arts course of four years will be required is not yet known, but experience has shown that it is absolutely impossible to take both courses at the same time. Few men can afford either time or money to spend eight years at a university, and the only way to satisfy all parties seems to be the shortening of both courses.

On February 19 the hockey team went down to Sherbrooke, P. Q., to play a return match with the local team. In consequence of the Montreal-Ottawa match being on the same date, some of the McGill team did not turn up, so it was rather a "scrub" crowd that went down. The puck was faced at 8.30 p.m. Our men started off in good style, but were rather bothered by the small rink, which they say was partly the cause of their defeat. When time was called each side had scored five goals, so it was decided to play extra time. The fates seemed against old McGill, for after twelve minutes' hard play Sherbrooke scored the winning goal. McGill then adjourned for supper at the hotel and left for Montreal by the 12.15 train.

The constitution of the McGill Fortnightly has decided that the editorial staff for the coming year be elected in the month of February. A most enthusiastic meeting was held by the faculty of medicine, and the following officers elected: Mr. A. G. Nicholls, B.A., '94, faculty editor; and Mr. C. H. Fox, '95, business manager. Mr. Goff, '93, proposed a vote of thanks to the retiring officers for the satisfactory and efficient way they had performed their duties.

The Ideas of April are drawing nigh, and the particularly fresh young man who entered in October is recognizing the fact too well, and begins to realize that sporting a bit of red and white ribbon does not alone constitute a student.

Friday, February 24, was a big day ever to be remembered in the annals of McGill. As early as nine a.m. crowds of students were seen hurrying up to the Science buildings, and by ten o'clock two halls were filled and the stairs lined with men to greet the arriving visitors, who were hurried up with the tune, Hop Along, Sister Mary; Hop Along! Shortly after ten His Excellency the Governor-General arrived, accompanied by Lord Kilcourse and other notables.

Mr. MacDonald, the generous benefactor of all the faculties, and better known as the founder of the Faculty of Applied Science, arrived shortly afterwards and was loudly cheered by the students. Meantime His Excellency had retired to the dean's room, whence he soon re-appeared, gorgeous in the scarlet gown of office, which caused the handsome robes of the chancellor and governor to dwindle into insignificance. Then the proceedings of opening the Faculty of Science began after a number of speeches had been delivered. His Excellency was presented with the keys of the building. The keys were in a handsomely carved box made from the wood of the Beaver, the first ship to round Cape Horn. His Excellency duly opened the box and he and Mr. Wm. MacDonald examined the keys. An address was then read by Mr. McPhail on behalf of the students to Lord Stanley, and a handsomely inscribed box made from fifty different pieces of wood presented to Lady Stanley by Mr. L. Gill, Science, '96, on behalf of the students of the Faculty. After a few more speeches by some of the distinguished visitors the morning proceedings closed and all the guests adjourned to lunch in one of the lecture-rooms, devoid of its bare appearance by the tasteful decorations. At 4.30 p.m. the new Physics building was opened. Long before that hour the handsome lecture-theater was filled with guests and students and standing room was at a premium. After proceedings five o'clock tea was served and about 6.30 all departed to prepare for the evening's festivities.

Tickets to the number of three thousand had been issued for the event of events, the conversations. However, nearly five thousand people thronged the buildings. So great was the crush that the doors had to be locked, the first time the college has ever shut its door to stranger, would-be student or otherwise. The Glee Club sang some very good selections, which showed careful preparation and steady practice. All the various departments were in full swing; the wood-turning especially seemed to draw the crowd. About eleven o'clock supper was served, and immediately afterwards dancing began in the large hall. The dance was one huge crush and squeeze, and very little real dancing was indulged in. However, it was a good-natured crush and all seemed to enjoy themselves. About two a.m. God Save the Queen closed the event of the season, at least in the students' eyes, and a stray handkerchief, a bit of trimming, or a faded rose, was eagerly picked up by some laggard, loveless spirits as mementoes of the first, but not the last, we hope, of "Science's" entertainments.

It has been decided to adopt a college pin to take the place of the ribbon, which seems to be worn by every person in town lately. The pins are made by Henry Bink & Co., and in order to obtain one an order must be procured from

the president of the final year. The pin will make a good memento of a man's college days.

The McGill Athletic Society have held a meeting to consider the question of affiliation with the Canadian Amateur Athletic Association. It was finally decided not to affiliate, chiefly because in so doing three events a year in the sports would have to be open to all comers.

RED AND WHITE.

Queen's College News.

ALL lovers of Queen's will have reason to keep a green spot in their memories for the late Michael Doran of Kingston, who died last week. Mr. Doran, who was a retired manufacturer, has left a large estate, about half of which is to be divided among the Hospital, the Orphans' Home and the University. These bequests will each amount to somewhere about \$75,000. The deceased gentleman could not have selected three more worthy objects for his beneficence, and it is needless to say that the recipients are all grateful for these generous benefactions.

The Medical Students will have great reason to rejoice in Mr. Doran's generous gift to the Hospital, as it will enable the board of that institution to effect some needed changes and improvements which will be of great benefit to the med. in their hospital practice.

Part I. of the University calendar for '93-94 is out. It contains the "bill of fare" for the pass and honor courses of the faculty of arts, and announces some important changes in the honor work. The courses leading to the degree of M.A. have been divided into two groups, A. Literature, B. Science and Mathematics. The subjects in A. are Latin, Greek, Moderna, English History, Political Science, Mental Philosophy and Moral Philosophy. First-class honors in any two of these together with the prescribed pass-work entitles a student to the degree of M.A. The courses in B. are divided into Mathematics, Physics, Chemistry and Experimental Physics, Chemistry with either Botany, Zoology or Mineralogy, or Geology and Mineralogy. This increases the number of M.A. courses and enables a student to select almost any course for which he may have a natural desire or aptitude. Comment on the changes indicate that they are popular with the men.

The Medical Y.M.C.A. held its annual meeting on March 3, and elected the following officers for 1893-94: President, Wm. Black, B.A., '94; vice-president, A. T. Aimes, '95; recording secretary, Stewart, '95; corresponding secretary, F. T. Farleigh, '94; treasurer, T. H. Farrell, M.A., '95; librarian, J. F. Scribner, '96. Owing to lack of time the appointment of committees was left over for a week.

Mr. Connery, professor of elocution, intends holding a public elocutionary contest in Convocation Hall soon. The meeting will be under the auspices of the A.M.S., which has voted ten dollars as a scholarship in that subject. Judging from the agonizing walls that we hear going up from the elocution class-rooms at times, Janaschek will not be in it with some of our proficient "candidates," when it comes to blood-curdling, hair-raising tragedy.

The Mock Parliament is proving a great success in connection with the A.M.S. Last Saturday evening the question of Government patronage to theaters came up, but the bill was declared *ultra vires*, as dealing with an educational subject which properly comes within the powers of the legislature of the provinces.

Mr. Kellock of the Opposition introduced a bill for the abolition of the Royal Military College. The debate upon this bill was very interesting. Eloquent speeches were made by the mover and by Messrs. D. W. Best, W. H. Davis, and R. W. Munroe, in support of the bill. On the Government side the debate was conducted by Hon. T. S. Short, R. Burton, and C. A. McDougall. The adjournment of the debate was moved by Hon. T. M. Mowat. A motion to impeach Member Hodges was very hotly discussed and finally carried by a majority of nns.

D. R. Drummond, M.A., has returned from his month's pastorate in St. Andrew's Church, Toronto. We are glad to see his cheery face once more about the college halls. He looks as though the life in the Queen City had agreed with him.

A big sleigh load of students and their friends drove across the ice to Wolfe Island on the evening of February 27, and from all accounts enjoyed themselves immensely for the few hours spent there. It is rumored that they dispensed with the services of a chap-erone.

The great hockey contest between Ottawa and Queen's is over and the laurels have gone to the men from "Bytown." The match, as all know, was played here on March 1, and was witnessed by several hundreds of people. Our boys played an up-hill game but they played it pluckily and well. It was a grand exhibition of hockey, and at times the team play of both clubs was magnificent. The Ottawas were terribly fast, and on the whole our men were outclassed, though in justice to them, be it stated, the score would have been closer had not Rayside and Curtis been feeling unwell. The score was six to three.

The Rev. T. B. Scott, M.D., a graduate of Queen's in Arts, Divinity and Medicine, will sail this month for Ceylon, to engage in missionary work under the American Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. The College Missionary Association are arranging a public farewell in Convocation Hall to Dr. Scott.

S. S. Burns, a member of the graduating class in Divinity, has accepted a call from the Presbyterian congregations of Westport and Newboro'.

John Millar, M.A., tutor in English, went to Ottawa on March 4, and delivered a lecture in the University Extension series for Prof. Cappon, who was unwell at the time.

W. R. Carmichael, M.A., tutor in mathematics, has been laid up in the hospital with a

mild attack of typhoid, but we are glad to hear he is rapidly becoming convalescent and will soon be able to resume his duties.

RED, BLUE AND YELLOW.

Trinity Talk.

THE Literary Institute elections are now going on. The campaign is opened and the different parties have brought out their men. The canvassers are indefatigable and Trinity is once more in the internal throes of an election. The meeting on Friday, March 3, was a lively one. Mr. Hedley, B.A., took the chair at half-past seven, and after the secretary had read the minutes the regular literary programme was carried out. The readings were good and the essays well written; then came the debate. The subject read: "Resolved, that the present system of compulsory chapel is to be approved." For the affirmative, Messrs. Paine (Divinity) and Carleton '93, and for the negative, Messrs. Cattenach, '93, and Robertson, '94. The subject was one which interested everybody, and the arguments advanced by either side were carefully weighed. Mr. Robertson, '94, carried everyone over to his side and touched every heart when he started to prove that good athletes had been deterred from entering Trinity on account of the compulsory chapel system, but Mr. Carleton swayed the meeting back to his side again by proving that such cases as had been cited had not been owing to the chapel system; that since Trinity had begun to take the trouble to correct erroneous ideas and to take outside men into the inner circle and show them what has existed for years here, namely, the beau ideal of university life, larger numbers each year from the preparatory schools and from other sources have registered in one or other of the faculties of arts, law, medicine or theology. The other speeches were good. The debate was finally awarded to the affirmative. Then came the nominations, as follows: President, Mr. DuMoulin, B.A., (who next year will be head of college) and Mr. Troop, B.A.; 1st and 2nd vice-presidents, Messrs. Chilcott, B. A., Reed, Mockridge, and Chapelle, '93; secretary, Mr. Carleton, '93, elected by acclamation; treasurer, Messrs. Fletcher, '94, De Pencil, '95; ex-officio members of council, Messrs. Sanders, '94, Jay McK. McClelland, '95; curator, Mr. O'Reilly, '95, elected by acclamation. The nomination speeches were most spirited, that of Mr. Robertson, '93, being especially so. Canvassing is being energetically carried on, and the campaign promises to be an exciting one.

As hockey is practically done, boxing and fencing are the attractions in athletics. Every afternoon stalwarts in flannels and sweaters may be seen sprinting toward Convocation Hall, whence a couple of hours later they issue, some with black eyes, some with a "Rugby limp"—a gentle reminder of single-stick—others unscathed. The injuries received, however, are not very lasting, and a half hour later the "sluggers" come out from the athletic club baths as fresh as possible.

The readers of *Outing* are much relieved at finally seeing "Harry" finish his "career at Yale." His undergraduate days are over; he no longer steals turkeys, he no longer loafs with the "Gimby Gang," or strikes out numberless Harvard batsmen with his whirl-wind drop. All that is passed. He now wears a silk hat, works in a Cincinnati electric lighting company, limited, and only leaves his business to wander in a disconsolate way over the Yale campus, smoking a cigarette, like Jerome's stage villain, and exclaiming from time to time in a sad, far-away, fearful voice, "Who pulled down the fence—Jack." Alas, we'll never Seymour Wood-cuts of the sportive "Harry" or hear more of his interesting "career at goal."

Prof. Rigby delivered the last of his course of lectures on Early England in Convocation Hall on Thursday last. A

large number have availed themselves of the opportunity of hearing these lectures—outside of the undergraduate body—and Prof. Rigby has made himself more popular than ever as a lecturer. Below is the syllabus of the remaining lectures to be delivered:

MARCH 9—THE MOVEMENT TOWARDS UNITY AND THE INVASION OF THE DANES.

Alternate Supremacy of Northumbria—Mercia—Wessex—Literary activity in England—Bede—The School of York—Alcuin—Ravages and Invasions of the Danes—S. Edmund—Alfred—The Stemming of the Tide—The Religious and Educational revival.

MARCH 16—THE ENGLISH KINGDOM.

The House of Alfred—Reconquest of the Country from the Danes—Consolidation of the Kingdom—Struggle between the Secular and Regular Clergy—Dunstan, Statesman and Reformer—Renewed Danish Invasions—S. Alphege—England under Danish Kings.

MARCH 23—ENGLAND AND NORMANDY.

Early History of Normandy—Religious revival—The Abbey of Bec—Lanfranc—Restoration of the English Kings—The Confessor—Norman Influence—Godwin—Harold—William of Normandy—Battle of Senlac—The Norman Conquest—Its Immediate Results.

The supplemental exams, are approaching and the unfortunates who were plucked at Christmas are beginning to sport their oaks and grind—ugh! But why dwell upon it?

I must refer in a few words to the deep and general sorrow that was felt throughout Trinity on receiving the news of Bertie Baldwin's death. He was not very long in residence—only one year—but that was long enough to endear him to all with whom he came in contact. His open manliness and bright disposition will be ever remembered by those who were with him here.

RED AND BLACK.

Precautionary Measure Needed.

Neighbor—What's your idea in putting ashes around your back gate? Who ever comes in that way?

Family Man—Our cook's steady company does—and if he found it too slippery here, he might stop coming—and then she'd leave!

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Art and Artists.

The editor of the art department will be glad to receive items of news from any of the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT. Communications should be sent in not later than Monday evening.

THE exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy is held this year in the Gallery of the Art Association in Montreal. It was opened on Tuesday evening, February 21, with the usual reception or conversation, when the friends of art and of the artists met for a first glance at the season's work. In the throng of visitors that crowd the rooms on such occasions the human interest is too strong to permit of much attention to the pictures that adorn the walls, and one has to wait for the quiet of the morning after, really to see and enjoy, and there is much to see and to enjoy, much less than usual of the offending or simply inoffensive element. There is more than in any previous exhibition of strong motive and definite purpose, more of real painting and powerful delineation. Most of our readers are familiar with the work of our older and leading artists, all of whom are represented creditably, and we need not mention pictures which have recently been exhibited and discussed in Toronto. All we can attempt is to notice some of the striking new departures, especially those which suggest a distinct step forward.

Among the oils in the large room is No. 17, Mrs. Brymner's Lake Louise, a broad and powerful painting of an early morning effect on one of the most impressive views in the Rocky Mountains, the deep tone of the sky and gloom of shadow below giving intense brilliancy to the sun-lighted slope of the glaciers. In No. 67, The Great Illulivach Glacier is treated in quite a different spirit by Mr. Hammond. It is a gray, poetic rendering of a scene no less remarkable, and in it and others of this year he gives evidence of a power hardly suggested by his previous work. Miss Bell's Summer Time, No. 11, is in striking contrast to both of these large pictures. It is a delicious little flood of glorious sunshine—the gem of the exhibition. A new picture by Mr. Bell-Smith is No. 12, a landscape, presumably from Holland, fresh and delicate in early summer sunshine and effective in the perspective of a dead flat country.

Mr. Eie sends from Paris several pictures in his own peculiar style, but better than before, and Mr. Chalonier has some charming small things which have been exhibited here. Mr. Harris exhibits good portraits, very good, especially that of Mr. Jacob painted as a commission from the Academy to be placed in the National Gallery at Ottawa. Miss Muntz sends from Paris, where she is now studying, a charming picture entitled A Fairy Tale. Perhaps no figure picture in the exhibition has so much of spontaneous grace, and we welcome this young lady as one of the coming painters who will do honor to Canada. In Mr. Homer Watson's large landscape we find a delicate luminosity in the sky, which is a distinct step forward, and some lack of his old fresh vigor in the treatment of the terrestrial parts of the picture which, we trust, does not indicate a lapse into the poverty of conventional color, but he has enough strong stuff in him to pull him through this pitfall.

In the water-color room, where, by the way, the light is not so good and the arrangement detrimental to many of the pictures, Mr. O'Brien strikes a new note of strength and simplicity in his Niagara and Lake Memphremagog—the dash of water in the one contrasting with intense stillness in the other. Mr. Fraser shows a number of landscapes remarkable, even from him, for rich and harmonious color. One of the incidents of this exhibition was the rejection by the committee of Mr. Ernest Thompson's remarkable picture, Awaited in Vain. Some leading members of the Art Association declared that if this picture were hung they would not allow their families to go to the exhibition, and there is no question that, in their decision to reject, the committee are strongly supported by public opinion. A broad question is opened up by this discussion as to what are, and what are not, legitimate subjects for art. Too many considerations are involved to make it possible to present the pros and cons in a paragraph, and we shall not now attempt to express an opinion, but we hope to see from the artist before long an equally powerful presentation of a more pleasing subject.

Mr. Foster will read a paper on Artists, their Educational Privileges and Professional Rights, before the Canadian Institute to night. The paper will be interesting to educationalists as well as artists.

F. M. Bell-Smith delivered an address on Impressions of Paris before the O.S.A., on Tuesday evening, before an appreciative audience.

Mr. W. A. Sherwood's picture, The Negotiation, has been purchased by the R. C. A., and will be hung in the Academy at Ottawa, after the Chicago exhibition.

Mr. Jacob has retired from the presidency of the R. C. A., and the officers for this year are: Robert Harris of Montreal, president; A. C. Hutchinson of Montreal, vice-president; and James Smith of Toronto, secretary-treasurer.

The following Toronto artists have been elected associates of the R. C. A.: F. A. Verner, E. Wiley Grier, Mrs. H. H. Reid, and E. E. Thompson.

The illustrated lecture to be given by Mr. J. Wells Champney, N. A., of New York, in St. George's Hall, on March 21, is in connection with St. Hilda's College.

Some of Mr. O'Brien's friends have induced him to begin a class in water colors as an introduction to out-of-door sketching when the season opens.

The next exhibition of the R. C. A. will be held in Toronto.

The committee at Galbraith's Academy are arranging for an Art Home, to be held during the first week in April.

New Books and Magazines.

The People I've Smiled With, by Marshall P. Wilder, is a book that John P. McKenna is making a big sale of just now, owing to the author's visit to the city. In it he tells how he came to go into the business of smiling himself and making others smile. His first influential friend was Henry Ward Beecher, and the famous divine was one of his most steadfast friends until his death. Mr. Wilder recounts his experiences with famous personages all over the world, and whenever possible he gives clever little stories told him by these people. Here is one of his stories, told by United States Congressman Amos Cummings: An Irishman walked up to the refreshment stand of a railway station and said to the young lady, "What have you got there?" "Apples," she said. "How much?" "Five cents apiece." He took an apple in his hand, looked at another plate of fruit and said: "What's these?" "Oranges, sir." "How much are they?" "Five cents each." "Same price as the apples?" "Yes." "Would you mind giving me an orange for this apple?" "You are quite welcome," she said, "to exchange them." He took the orange and ate it, and was going out, when the young woman shouted, "Won't you pay for it?" "Pay for what?" says Pat. "Why, the orange, to be sure." "Why, I gave you the apple for the orange." "Yes, sir, but you haven't paid for the apple." "Well, I gave you back the apple; what do you want—the whole earth?" Mr. Wilder has sprinkled his book with many capital stories.

Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, the evangelists, have sent me a copy of their Songs of Salvation, published by William Briggs of Toronto. It contains two hundred and fifty pages of songs and hymns specially designed for revival and other gospel use—the one used by these well known evangelists in their great work. All the fine old stirring songs are there with music—and the airs are in every case the sweetest that could be chosen.

The qualities which made Godey's Lady's Book a valuable and reliable foundation upon which to build the successful Godey's Magazine have been retained, and to them have been added the features which the progress of the century demanded. One of the evidences that it has caught the popular fancy is the title by which it is known. It is spoken of universally as Godey's just as we speak of The Century or Harper's. The formal tacking on of the word "magazine" is by tacit consent regarded as superfluous, since everybody must know Godey's. The quality of the literary matter improves steadily, and the diversity in the character of the contributions shows the presence of an editorial brain that is in touch with the tastes of the great majority. The March number is specially delightful.

One hundred and six finely drawn illustrations embellish the pages of the March number of The Idler, the unique magazine that has just completed its first year with a circulation of 120,000. And yet after perusing its bright pages one can readily perceive why everybody wants The Idler. It is one of the few magazines that you can read without fatigue, in fact cannot help reading and enjoying every article. The March number opens with a delightfully written story by I. Zangwill, Cheating the Gallows, describing how one man outdid Jekyll and Hyde, winning the love of the same girl in both his characters. The story closes with a Lady or the Tiger situation for the consideration of the reader. Miss M. E. Braddon relates her experiences in the realm of literature and tells of the production of The Trail of the Serpent, the first of her fifty-three novels. Jerome K. Jerome's Novel Notes are ingenious and refreshing as usual, while in My Servant Andrea, Archibald Forbes, the renowned war correspondent, relates some of his thrilling experiences in the Serbian-Turkish and Russo-Turkish wars. In A Matrimonial Romance as Told by the Colonel, W. L. Alden relates how a man "was married for fifteen years and never had a wife whatever." Under the heading Lions in Their Dens, Raymond Blathway tells of the well known actor and society clown George Grossmith and the humor of him. The experience of a Blind Beggarman is well told by Frank Mathew, and Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker considers the relation of the Church and State, and gives a spicy review of Henry Irving, in which he ranks Mr. Irving the comedian above Mr. Irving the tragedian, and concludes that "a properly conducted stage might be a most powerful ally of the pulpit." Kirby Ward humorously describes the mishaps that befall That Beast Beauty. The Idler's Club discusses the question Is Love a Practical Reality or a Pleasing Fiction, Mrs. Lynn Linton, Rita, John Strange Winter, Miss May Crommelin, Miss Quilla Couch, Morley Roberts and others treating the problem in its different aspects, while I. Zangwill in his inimitable manner reviews their

SURPRISE SOAP



"I must have been hunting for a match when I got home last night."

evidence. Thus auspiciously opens the third volume of The Idler, with a cluster of twelve gems of the finest quality. The Idler is published at \$3.00 per year, twenty-five cents a number, by S. S. McClure, 743 & 745 Broadway, New York, who offers as a premium to new subscribers the first two volumes, so that all who subscribe now will receive The Idler for two years from the first number for \$3.00.

The New England Magazine for March contains a very clever story—among other clever things—by Edwin C. Martor, entitled The Salvation of a Missionary. It is alone worth the price of the number. George E. Ellis discourses on Dean Stanley and Phillips Brooks of Plymouth; Rev. Samuel J. Barrows discourses on The Massachusetts Prison System, while Lieut. Chas. H. Harlow, U. S. N., contributes a capital paper on The Republic of Chili. The regular features by Helen Campbell and Herbert M. Sylvester are continued, and there are many other papers from various contributors, but those I have mentioned lead the procession and are particularly worth reading.

REVIEWER.

A Passion for Betting.

"Green M. Clay of Kentucky, grandson of the celebrated Cassius Clay of that State, has a fondness for betting that has kept him poverty-stricken almost ever since he attained his majority," observed John G. Harber of Versailles, Ky. "He will bet on anything. Why, I have seen him take a lump of sugar in the summer time, place it on the sidewalk, and then bet that so many flies would light on it in so many minutes, or he would wager the other way—just anything to get a bet. When his father died some years ago the young man inherited a considerable estate."

"One day he met a neighbor who owned a game rooster. 'See here, Clay,' said he, 'I will bet you all the money you can command you can't bend over your head, run your hands between your knees, catch that chicken of mine by the legs and pull them out. And I'll go further—every time you make an effort and then throw the chicken to the ground he will crow as soon as he has time to flap his wings.' Clay didn't have any money, but he bet his land, all he had, and tried the experi-

ment. "He tugged away at the chicken's legs in the manner prescribed and lost. There was something like \$20,000 involved, the largest sum ever lost or won on a chicken. Oh, no, that rooster's legs were no stronger, perhaps, than those of any other chicken. It is simply a feat that would require a giant's strength to perform. If you don't believe it try it yourself."—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A Case of Consideration.



His Sister's Suitor—Here, Ralph, is a quarter; now tell me what your sister says about me. Ralph—Gimme another quarter, and I won't tell you what she says about you.—Fack.

Of More Importance.

"Why, there's Mr. Crosier, the missionary, on the other side of the street! I thought he was in Africa founding missions."

"So he was; but he has been called home to testify in Dr. Pentateuch's heresy trial."

How he Got Out of It.

Wife—George, I know you will not like it, but I will have to get you to stop at Lacey's and match this piece of goods. Husband (enthusiastically)—Not like it! Why, the girl that waits on that counter is the most bewitching, sweetest little angel!

A Limited Endorsement



Applicant for Position—I have here a letter of recommendation from my minister. Head of House—That's very good so far as it goes. But we won't need your services on Sundays. Have you any endorsements from anybody who knows you the other six days of the week?

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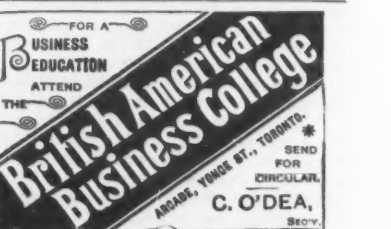
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R. WALKER & SONS

33, 35, 37, 39, 41, and 43 KING STREET EAST

Spring cleaning is close at hand. The time has come when we begin to think about "what we shall get for such and such a room when spring cleaning commences." A new Carpet for the dining room, new Linoleum for the hall, new Stair Carpets or another supply of Curtains

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FAST COLORS
(Guaranteed)

Queen City Fire Insurance Co.

Report of the Directors to the twenty-second ordinary general meeting, held at the offices of the Company, Church street, Toronto, on Saturday, February 25, 1893.

REPORT.

The Directors beg to submit to the shareholders the Revenue account and the Profit and Loss account for the past year, and the balance sheet showing liabilities and assets on December 31, 1892.

The number of policies at the close of the year was 2,919, covering at risk, after deducting re-insurance, the sum of \$2,349,225.

By referring to the Profit and Loss account it will be seen that the total sum at the debit of this account on December 31 was \$42,040.58, out of which has been appropriated the regular shareholders' dividend, equal to twenty-five per cent. of the original paid-up capital, leaving a balance at the credit of this account to cover re-insurance reserve, etc., of \$39,540.58.

In accordance with Act of Incorporation all the Directors retire and are eligible for re-election.

W. H. HOWLAND, President.
HUGH SCOTT, Managing Director.
THOS. WALMSLEY, Secretary.

Queen City Fire Insurance Company.

REVENUE ACCOUNT FOR THE YEAR ENDING 31ST DECEMBER, 1892.

Dr.
10 premium income and rents..... \$23,336 39
Interest..... 4,376 90

Cr.
By re-insurance..... \$1,434 97
Cancelled policies..... 1,762 16

Salaries, directors' fees, stationery, advertising, commission, rent, and postage..... 7,450 78
Claims—fire losses..... 3,995 51
Balance to Profit and Loss..... 12,769 91

\$27,403 29

PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT TO 31ST DECEMBER, 1892.
Dr.
To balance carried over from 1891..... \$20,270 67
Revenue account, 1892..... 12,769 91

\$42,040 58

Cr.
By Dividend No. 23 to shareholders (25 per cent. on original paid up capital)..... \$2,500 00
Re-insurance Reserve, Government Standard, 50 per cent..... \$14,741 37
Balance (to balance sheet)..... 24,799 21

\$39,540 58

BALANCE SHEET, 31ST DECEMBER, 1892.
Liabilities.
To capital stock (50 per cent. paid up)..... \$100,000 00
Ret or Reserve Fund..... 75,000 00
Dividend No. 23, shareholders..... \$2,500 00
Dividend No. 23, policy-holders..... 1,468 84

3,968 84

Sundry creditors..... 89 85
Re-insurance Reserve, Government Standard, 50 per cent..... 14,741 37
Balance—Profit and Loss, 1892..... 24,799 21

\$218,599 27

Assets.
By capital stock liable to call..... \$50,000 00
Real estate—Company's building, Nov. 30, 32 and 34 Church street..... \$68,050 70
First mortgage on real estate valued at \$72,555..... 23,204 00

Debitors, Freehold Loan and Savings Co..... 10,000 00
Bank stocks..... 54,500 00
900 shares Dominion Bank..... 2,050 92
Accrued interest and rent..... 3,163 22
Sundry debtors..... 6,098 45
Cash on deposit, Dominion Bank..... 202 98

168,599 27

Ratio of surplus assets alone, over all liabilities, to amount of risks in force, \$4.24 per cent.

A larger surplus ratio than any other purely stock fire insurance company transacting business in the Dominion.

AUDITOR'S REPORT.
I hereby certify that I have audited the books and examined the vouchers and securities of the company for the year ending December 31, 1892, and find the same correct, carefully kept and properly set forth in the above statements.

HENRY W. EDDIS, F.C.A., Auditor.
Toronto, February, 1893.

The President, in moving the adoption of the report, said: Among the many pleasing reminiscences in connection with this company none is so gratifying to me as the fact that the Queen City has never been forced into a court of law. As early as the second year of its existence, 1872, the well-known, to the law courts, "Elliot Fire" occurred, and of the eight companies interested in that claim this company was the only one that declined to be dragged into court and participate in the payment of costs, which amounted to about \$20,000, in addition to the claim, which was sustained, amounting to \$47,500.

A somewhat similar case occurred in a later stage of our existence, and was referred to by the Treasurer of this province in his Budget Speech on 14th February, 1889, in the following language:

"I suppose the House will be pleased to learn that the province has been successful so far in the suit with the insurance companies for re-

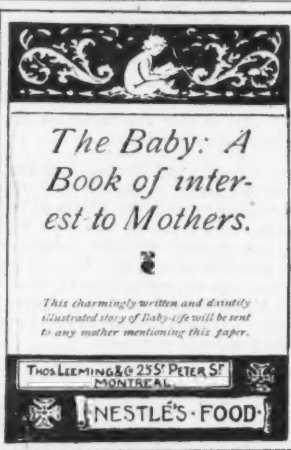
covering the loss sustained through the London Asylum fire. The House is aware, as I informed hon. gentlemen last session, of the fact that out of some twenty-six companies, two companies only (the Queen City and Hand-in-Hand) acknowledged the claim and twenty-four resisted it. We appealed to the courts, and judgment was given for the province."

Such facts speak for themselves. The financial statements before you exhibit a position which we may well be proud of, having a ratio of surplus assets alone to amount of risks in force of 4.24 per cent., thereby placing this Company at the head of the list of stock companies, in the protection it affords to its policy-holders.

A resolution was moved and adopted, ordering that an additional dividend equal in amount to the regular ordinary dividend, be paid forthwith out of the Profit and Loss Account of the past year.

In 1892 a bonus dividend of four hundred per cent. was declared to shareholders, thereby increasing the paid up capital to the sum at which it now stands, and during the past two years alone, dividends have been paid to them equal in amount to the total capital originally paid up, all of which has been accomplished without resorting to the forced attainment of an inflated revenue.

The report was adopted. The old board, viz.: W. H. Howland, Jas. Austin, Hon. Justice Maclellan, Hugh Scott and Thos. Walmsley, were re-elected Directors for the current year, and at a subsequent meeting of the Directors, W. H. Howland was elected President, and James Austin Vice-President.



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BIRTHS.
MARTIN—March 6, Mrs. Kirwan Martin—a daughter.
WILKES—March 4, Mrs. Wm. A. Wilkes—a daughter.
LEE—March 1, Mrs. J. W. Lee—a son.
RUSSELL—Feb. 28, Mrs. W. B. Russell—a daughter (still-born).
TAYLOR—Feb. 17, Mrs. Wm. Taylor—a daughter.
AMBERY—March 1, Mrs. C. Clayton Ambury—a son.
ELLIS—Feb. 20, Mrs. Austin Ellis—a son.
HUMPHRIES—March 1, Mrs. John Humphries—a son.
GOODERHAM—Feb. 25, Mrs. Geo. Gooderham—a daughter.
O'BRYEN—March 3, Mrs. A. J. O'Bryen—a son.
FORSTYTH—Feb. 23, Mrs. W. Forsyth—a daughter.

MARRIAGES.
NEWCOMBE—CARR—On March 1, by Rev. Duncan McGregor, M.A., at the residence of the bride's father, Antwerp, N.Y., Bertha, only daughter of Mr. John S. Carr, to Octavia Newcombe of Toronto.
MCGRAVE—WOOD—March 1, John T. McGrave to Annie Wood.
VAREY—GOLDING—March 1, Fred W. Varey to Elizabeth Golding.

DEATHS.
ROADHOUSE—On March 4, at Toronto, Wilfrid S. Roadhouse, aged 2 years.
KERNAN—March 5, Mary Kernan, aged 51.
ANDERSON—March 4, David Anderson.
CHESLOR—March 5, Florence M. Cheslor, aged 6.
LUMBERS—March 6, Ann Lumbers, aged 77.

THE GOLDEN LION

Around Town.

Continued from Page One.

minds of those who are compelled to make money an object, a doubt ever inserted itself as to the motives of an individual clergyman. It cannot surely be alleged that any assembled body of ministers were ever before open to so disagreeable a suspicion as the Baltimore Conference! In this instance it seems that not only has doubt been thrown upon the "call" of one preacher of the gospel, but upon those of an organized community of preachers who refused to permit further competition lest their craft be endangered.

Now, I know enough about organized labor to venture the assertion that a Toronto stonemason, or bricklayer, or cigarmaker would not be refused by his fellow-unionists an opportunity to work on a building or in a factory in Baltimore, no matter how strictly union rules might prevail, if he presented his card signed by the labor leaders here. Yet unionism is denounced when found amongst workmen, though the closest corporations in the world are those of lawyers and doctors and manufacturers, and—unless I have entirely misconceived the position of the Baltimore Conference—of some of the preachers themselves. The personal work of the Redeemer on this sordid earth was put to an end by those who thought that the Jewish conference was already well supplied with teachers. The apostles were stoned and imprisoned because they invaded the jurisdiction of rabbis and priests. Even the pagans seem to have had their combines to protect their craft, and containing as they did artificers who made ornaments for the gods, preachers of Christianity were sacrificed lest the shop of some silversmith might have to be shut. We do it more gently nowadays, but after all the impulses are much the same and the shadow of this exclusiveness, of this selfishness, still helps to darken the world and keeps the light of love from shining into the hearts of those whom these members of ministerial combines sometimes stigmatize as the unregenerate. Oh, great is Diana of the Ephesians!

Dundas.

A very enjoyable and successful progressive euchre party was given by Mrs. A. F. Pirie at Sydenham Lodge, Dundas, on Tuesday evening, February 25, at which about sixty guests were present, thirteen tables being kept busy until near midnight. Among the invited guests were: Rev. E. A. and Mrs. Irving, Lieut. Colonel and Mrs. Gwyn, Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Gwyn, Mr. and Mrs. F. Wellesley Holmsted, Mayor McKeechie and Mrs. McKeechie, Dr. and Mrs. Ross, Dr. and Mrs. Bertram, Dr. and Mrs. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Charlton of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. Bidwell Way of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Dunn of Hamilton, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. A. Begue, Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Grafton, Major and Mrs. Bertram, and many others. Mrs. Frank McCausland, of Toronto, assisted the hostess in receiving the guests. The prizes were won by Miss Amy Atkinson and Miss M. Somerville, and C. N. Pirie and Mr. Forbes Godden. The supper was sent out from Hamilton and the table was prettily decorated in daffodils and yellow ribbons. After supper Mrs. Dunn, formerly Miss Mary Herald, the well known elocutionist of Hamilton, recited a scene from the Window in Thrums, and an impromptu dance by the young people.

Brantford.

The Calico Ball given at the pretty residence of Mrs. Fred Wilkes attracted a great deal of attention and was one of the most amusing events of the season. The hostess wore a dainty costume of blue and white stripes; Mrs. Harry Whitehead looked stately in white and crimson; Miss Ashton was charming in a pretty costume of blue and white with chiffon trimmings; Miss Grace Burmell presented a very attractive appearance in fawn with brown velvet sleeves; Miss Rola wore a fancy dress of black silk with yellow trimmings; Miss Martin, blue crepe; Miss Walker was sweetly gowned in blue a l'Empire; Miss Osborne looked well in black and gray; Miss Alice Salter wore a chic gown of pure white; Miss Bowly, white and red calico. The gentlemen's gorgeous attire proved the most interesting, so I am requested to describe a few. Mr. Fred

Wilkes was dressed in a ravishing black suit, with frill collar and cuffs and an elaborately frilled shirt front of scarlet. Mr. Johnson, a brilliant brunette, seemed the center of attraction in a slashed broadcloth with red collar and cuffs, knife-plaited coat skirt, red slippers tied with red silk bows and carried a handsome bouquet of bleeding hearts. Mr. Harrison looked elegant in an imported costume of black and yellow print, the latest novelty in ties and a smile which seemed to win patronage all evening. Mr. Ritches, a dignified blonde, looked very naive on the floor. He wore a pretty suit with a beautiful blue sash manufactured for the occasion. Mr. Boyce, a fair debutant, looked quite au fait, but the powder on his face was a little too evident. He wore a pink tie and a bouquet of seven roses. Mr. Ashtar, a sparkling blonde, was the embodiment of style in leather-bound frock coat, and strapped shoes decked with silver buckles. Mr. Tisdale's cosmetics were abundantly and effectively applied. He was attired in a dress suit with pink trimmings. Mr. Curtis wore a chic suit with red facings.

Mrs. A. S. Hardy was at home to a large number of friends on Friday from four to six.

Miss Shannon's At Home was a very successful affair.

Mr. Chas. Wisner of the Massey-Harris Company spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. G. B. Killmaster is the guest of his sister, Mrs. Joseph Stratford.

Warton.

Mrs. N. Moore gave a charming party, which was one of the prettiest of the season. The rooms were beautifully decorated and dancing was the feature of the evening. The hostess received in a very becoming dress of black silk. Among those present I remarked: Misses Lillian Johns, Vicars, Robinson and Davitt, and Messrs. James, Bull, McKay, Ely and others.

Mrs. Frank Sadler gave an eight o'clock dinner to her friends the other evening. This lady's reputation as a hostess is well known here, and in the present instance was fully sustained.

Port Hope.

The dance given by Miss Mackie on Friday evening of last week was in every way a great success. About fifty responded to the genial invitation of the fair hostess, and the dance was thoroughly enjoyed by all. Miss Mackie wore a dress of cream and Nile green delaine, and Mrs. Mackie, in black lace, assisted her daughter in dispensing hospitality. Some of those wearing pretty gowns on this occasion were: Mrs. Read, black lace and mauve trimmings, which was very becoming; Mrs. Helme, black and pearl gray satin; Miss Sanders looked very nice in white muslin; Miss Shepherd was much admired in blue and garnet; Miss Martin, pale blue and cream; Miss King, whose charming manner and sweet face claim much admiration, wore cream and as usual looked well; Miss Patterson, pale blue; Miss Flurdy's brown and crimson was much admired; Miss Calk, black and red; Miss Farquharson, mauve and black lace trimmings; Miss Booth, gray cloth and natural flowers; Mrs. Barrett, black silk. Others present were: Mr. and Mrs. Farquharson, Mr. and Mrs. Mackie of Oshawa, Messrs. Sander, Baird, Traves, Henwood, Holland, Shepherd, Bonnet, Williams, Gowan of Cobourg, Budge, F. Budge, Barrett, and Helme.

Miss Rogers of Toronto is the guest of Mrs. (Judge) Benson.

Mr. J. D. McLennan of Kingston was in town last week.

Miss Hall of Peterboro' is the guest of Miss Frazer.

Beamsville.

At the annual meeting of the W. C. T. Union of Lincoln and Welland, held here, the following officers were elected: President, Miss M. K. Forbes of Grimsby; vice-president, Miss M. A. Douglas of St. Catharines; treasurer, Mrs. E. Phillimore of Port Dalhousie; corresponding and recording secretary, Mrs. D. M. Walker of St. Catharines. Superintendents of departments—franchise, Mrs. M. K. Forbes of Grimsby; educational, Mrs. J. G. Currie of St. Catharines; press, Mrs. (Rev.) W. W. Smith of St. Catharines; unfermented wine, Mrs. Adam Dorr of Homer; flower mission, Miss Cole of Homer; lumbermen, Miss Huff of St. Catharines; juvenile and "Y" Work, Miss Mary Douglas of St. Catharines; work among colored people, Miss Phelps of St. Catharines.

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